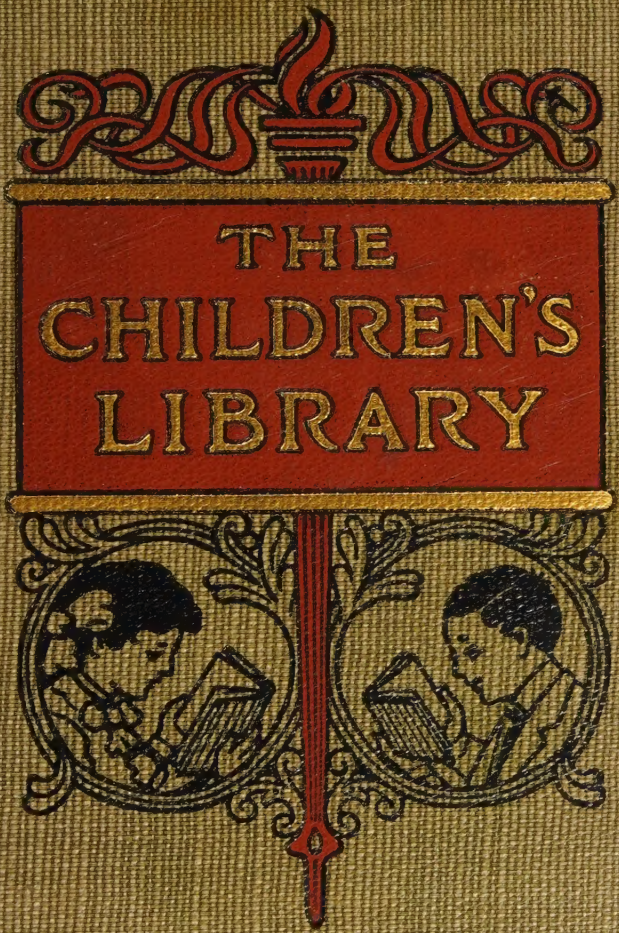
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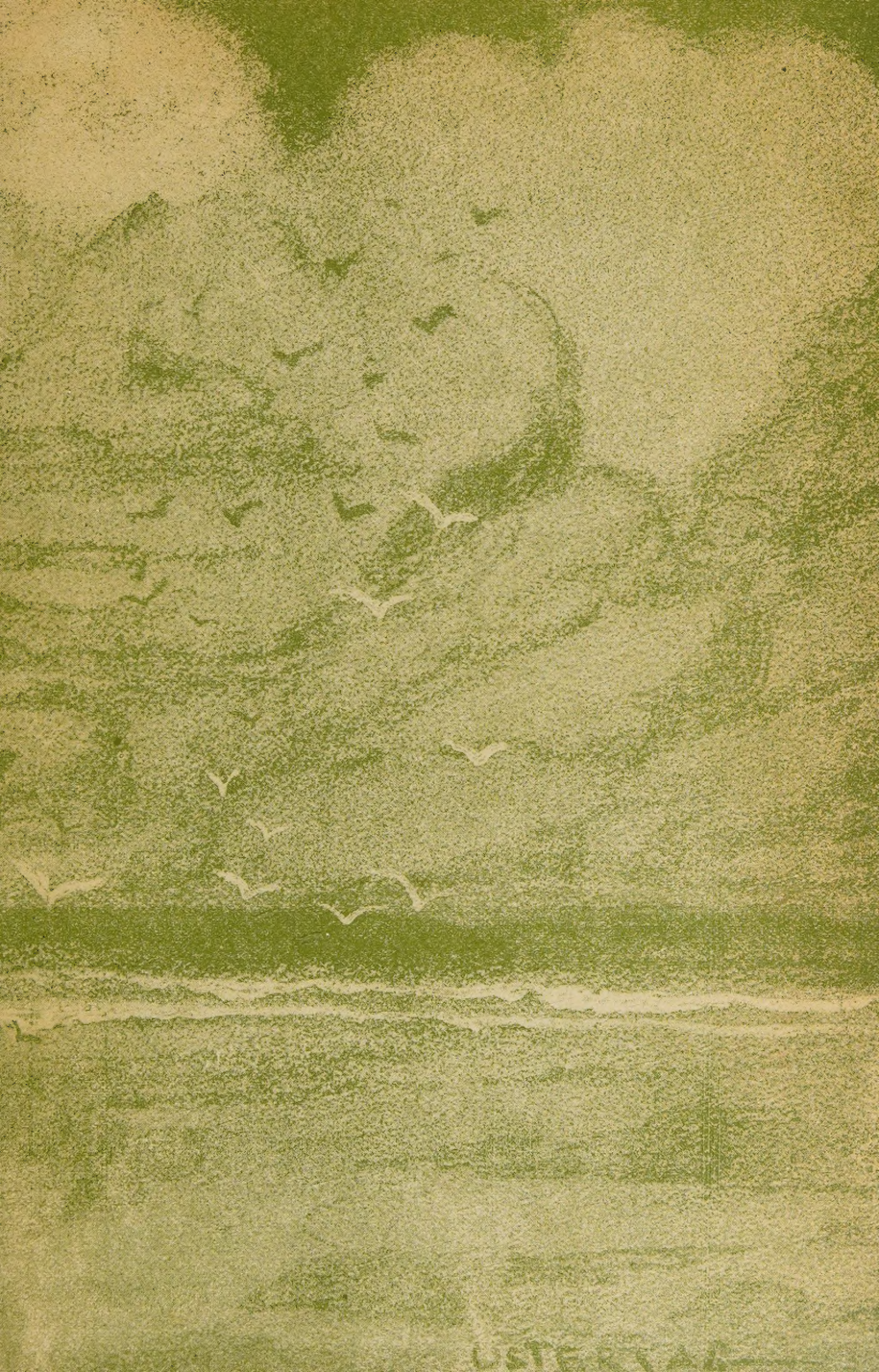

SONGS THAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

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"Where music dwells lingering"

THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY

SONGS

EDITED BY

DOLORES M. BACON

NEW YORK
Doubleday, Page & Company
1910

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SONGS OF SENTIMENT

	PAGE
All Thro' The Night	3
Ancient Lullaby	4
Annie Laurie	5
Annie Of Tharau	7
Auld Lang Syne	8
Auld Robin Gray	10
Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms	12
Ben Bolt	14
Blondel's Song	16
Bonnie Doon	18
Broken Ring, The	20
By Moonlight	21
Charming Gabrielle	23
Comin' Thro' The Rye	24
Cradle Song	25
Cradle Song	26
Crystal Maiden, The	27
Departure	28
Departure For Syria	30
Despised Lover, The	31
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes	33

PAGE

Farewell 34
Girl I Left Behind Me, The 35
Gone From Me Evermore 37
Heartache 39
Home, Sweet Home 40
Italian Air 41
"It Is Ordained By God's Decree" 42
Kathleen Mavourneen 44
King of Thule 46
King of Thule 47
Last Night 48
Loch Lomond 50
Love's Distress 51
Lowland Home, The 53
Lullaby 54
Lullaby 55
Maiden's Lament, The 56
Marlbrouk 58
My Old Kentucky Home 60
Nipper's Lullaby, The 62
Oft In The Stilly Night 64
Old Dog Tray 66
Oh Slumber, My Darling 67
Red Sarafan, The 68
Robin Adair 70
Rock Me To Sleep 71
Russian Melody, A 74
Sandman, The 76
Sing, Smile, Slumber 77
Striped Apron They Shall Make, A 79
Thou Art Gone From My Gaze 80
Thou, Thou Fillest My Heart, Dear 81

PAGE

To Be Near The Fair Idol 83
Trippole, Trappole 84
True Love 85
True Love 86
Two Royal Children 88

SONGS OF WAR

Battle Hymn Of The Republic 90
Campbells Are Comin', The 92
Fir-Tree, The 97
Maryland! My Maryland! 94
Morva Rhuddlan 98
Rule, Britannia 100
Sword Of Bunker Hill, The 102
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp 104
Wacht am Rhein, Die 106
We 're Tenting To-Night 108

NATIONAL HYMNS

America 109
Austrian Hymn 112
Battle Prayer, The 114
Finnish Hymn. (Björneborgarne's March) . . 116
German's Fatherland, The 117
God Save the King 111
La Marseillaise 120
Russian Hymn 122
Swedish Hymn 123
Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North 124

SONGS OF PATRIOTISM

PAGE

Battle-Song 125
Bonnie Blue Flag, The 126
Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean 130
Hail, Columbia 132
Scots Wha Hae 135
Star-Spangled Banner, The 136
Wearin' O' The Green, The 138

MILITARY NONSENSE SONGS

Dixie 141
Lilliburlero 144
Yankee Doodle 145

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

Bagpipers, Song Of The 150
Blacksmith, The 152
De Camptown Races 153
Evening Song 156
Everything's Gone 159
Fishermen's Song, The 159
Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls, The . 161
Huntsman's Farewell, The 162
Landlady's Daughter, The 164
Last Rose Of Summer, 'Tis The 166
Let The Toast Pass 167
Lightly Row 169
Linden Tree, The 170

PAGE

Loreley, The 171
Low-Backed Car, The 172
Man Of His Word, The 175
Mistletoe Bough, The 176
Musical Master Charley, The 179
Nellie Bly 180
O Lord! Correct Me 182
Peace 184
Roll, Jordan, Roll 185
Santa Lucia 186
Steal Away 187
Three Horsemen 188
Tom Bowling 190
Vicar Of Bray, The 192
Voice Of One We Love, The 195
Wait For The Wagon 196
Washerwomen Of Vomero, Refrain Of The . . 198
Wild-Rose, The 199

SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS

Come Unto These Yellow Sands 200
Full Fathom Five 201
It Was A Lover And His Lass 202
O Mistress Mine 204
O Willo, Willo, Willo 206
Take, O Take Those Lips Away 209
Where The Bee Sucks 210

Index by Titles 213
Index of Composers 217
Index of Authors 219

ILLUSTRATIONS

"Where Music Dwells Lingering" *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

"If a Body Kiss a Body" 24

"All Her Riches Here Enclosing" . . . 30

"A Captain Raised This Blade on Me" . 102

The First Singing of *La Marseillaise* . . 120

FOREWORD

YOUR scientific men but seldom have much music in their souls, and concerning this Shakespere grows severe. Notwithstanding Shakespere, we shall forgive these unmelodious folk, since it is probably they who enable us to live to enjoy that which the scientist more or less disregards.

Since music is the temperamental pulse of a people, this collection of songs that every child should know may be accepted as a revelation as well as an entertainment. The songs have been selected not especially for their technical musical value, but by reason of several things. Many of the songs included here are almost without musical value; but when they have not music to commend them, they are at least a reflection of a time or period in the musical development of a nation; or they have been included here for that nameless quality which results in popularity. One and all, they are songs that every child should know.

If Mozart has been chosen for his loveliness, Dibdin and other English song-makers for their exuberance or superlative good health, or the Irish for a whimsical plaintiveness, so, also, could we wish to include "rag-time," because it may be honored as an extreme study in syncopation which has at one time prevailed in a certain locality. The omission

of the rag-time song is prompted by literary discretion. But, on the whole, its extreme syncopation is likely to have a more or less universal effect upon musical composition. Whatever is eminently characteristic is bound to record itself.

The Foster music, not excepting even "My Old Kentucky Home," could have no proper place in musical art; but it has its place among the songs that every child should know, because it reflects the white man's idea of how the negro music should sound. Foster's "negro" melodies bear no relation to negro harmonics or melody, negro music being mostly recorded in minor cadences and with intervals peculiar to no other music. Once it is identified, even by the uninitiated, it can no more be mistaken again than could Tzigane music. The Foster songs tell of the sentimentalist's notion of the negro's temperament. To the sentimentalist, the negro emotionalizes after a dreary legato fashion, which is altogether bathotic. To the musician, however, the remarkable minors and the harmonic-gymnastics of the demi-semi tone reveal an untamability, — a sort of temperamental despair.

Such songs as "Roll, Jordan, Roll" are written along the lines of original Afro-American song, — slightly formulated by the white man.

Before the Civil War the popular poetry, the popular "buck-eye" painture, and the popular music generally represented the untoward death or withdrawal of, or separation from, some beloved person or thing; this is remarked by Fitz-Gerald in his "Stories of Famous Songs." "Old Dog

Tray," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and other doggerel as to verse and absurdity as to lyrics, are examples of such music-pathos; yet these songs had a place, and a large place, in the hearts of a whole people, therefore they became dignified for all time, and have found a place here.

So far as was practicable, authoritative notes have been published with the songs in this book, but there is certain history too extensive to publish thus, and which is best mentioned prefatorily. The authorship of "Rock Me To Sleep" was at one time bitterly disputed. The words were written by Elizabeth Akers-Allen, but a man named Ball laid claim to the extraordinarily popular song, — popular by reason of the words, — and at about the same time claimants sprang up all over the country. At that period Mark Twain was almost an unknown humorous quantity, but Ball's nonsense so aroused Twain's humorous sense that he sprang to print on the subject. A travesty was presented by him in the form of editorial prose and has almost been lost to memory and to history. The lines are here recalled and recorded, and should be preserved as an inalienable part of the "Rock-Me-To-Sleep" controversy, since, upon their publication, Mrs. Akers-Allen immediately came into her own. Mark Twain wrote thus: —

"Backward, speed backward, O Ball, in your flight! make not an ass of yourself (just for to-night) — pull the few silver threads out of your hair; fill up and varnish those furrows of care — care that was born of attempting Fame's steep which you could n't climb, Ball, whom none rocked to sleep.

O, Bally, come back from the echoing shore! cease for a season the public to bore with your infamous rhymes and your stupid complaint, for you know you are claiming to be what you ain't. O, drivel no more, don't snuffle, don't weep — hang up your lyre, Ball, I 'LL rock YOU to sleep!".

The absurdity of this thing did more to settle Ball's mal-claim than all kinds of argument could have done.

In one or two cases the original setting of words has given place to the music of some modern composer, because of the peculiar fitness of the new music. For such a reason the setting of the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney's music to the world-old song — "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" — is given. In this instance Mr. Whitney's music has precedence over many other melodies made for the words.

"The Nipper's Lullaby" deserves to stand beside Dibdin's songs; the Chevalier songs have made art-history, as Dibdin's did.

In a letter written by Mrs. T. B. Gerow of Atchison, Kansas, while the Cuban War was on, she wrote of a "Hot Time in the Old Town."

"Whatever the war may add to the country that the country does n't want, it has added a new military nonsense song — this 'Hot Time' song! It will go down to history with 'Slap Bang' and 'Dixie,' 'Lilli Burlero' and 'Yankee Doodle.' I hope its origin will not be lost to history as is 'Yankee Doodle's': when this country makes a classic it deserves the credit. 'Hot Time' is first of all a Roosevelt song. It is sung out here on every conceivable occasion and it is only a question of time when the Salvationers adopt it. It has certainly come to stay — so let the war go on."

This letter, which I quote correctly, has suggested a classification in the making of this book, — "Military Nonsense Songs," — and Mrs. Gerow's prophecy has been fulfilled. "The Hot Time," although not included in this collection, has become a national song, and the "Salvationers" do sing it, and to words something like this: —

> "Salvation 's the best thing in this world,
> Salvation 's the best thing in this world," etc.

The words given with the tune of "Yankee Doodle" are used because they make a happy jingle of facts which may thus be easily impressed upon a child's mind. The traditional words are the ones appended. Of the words written with the music, Moor's encyclopædia says: —

> "During the summer of 1755, an army was being organized on the banks of the Hudson, nearly opposite Albany, for defence against the French and Indians. Volunteers from the country flocked in, and their rustic appearance, as they drilled to the music of fife and drum, afforded much amusement for the regulars. Dr. Schackburg of the British army, thinking to have a little fun, wrote a melody and presented it to the rustics as one of the most celebrated martial airs. The joke took, and shortly 'Yankee Doodle' was heard throughout the Provincial Army. The tune has been sung to various words since the time of Cromwell, and is said to have been known, for centuries back, as a Spanish national air."

The Stevenson songs are necessarily omitted by reason of copyright complications.

Moore's "Irish Melodies" are not included here as an especial enlightenment or illumination of Irish

music, because Moore's collection does not stand for correctness in its relation to Irish music; but those songs stand for the tenderest, most joyous lilting heart and mind in history, and as a revelation of personality, alone, they should be of great value.

The superficially passionate, but emotionally energetic, songs of France, have a deservedly large place here, since they are generally as inspiring as the French temperament itself, and they are often as fascinating in their elegance. For a sort of gracious plaintiveness there is no better example than the air of Henri III, — *J'ai perdu celle.*

There is little to be said here of the German compositions: no one has ever yet been able to say enough, while the music itself says all. We may find beauty of feature, elegance of deportment, tenderness of feeling, heroic step and aspect, good health, mischief, tears and vagary in music that comes to us from all points of the compass, but to Germany alone has fallen the splendid power of offering to us all of these things. To the music-lover it is Germany who loses her identity in her music. The Hungarians do so never; the French, seldom; the English by no possibility are successfully anything but their good, sound, robustious selves.

In presenting these songs, the emasculated, popular versions of words are not herein given, but almost always the original versions. Recognition is due to Fitz-Gerald, Dr. Perry and Professor Rowlands, editors of "Cambrian Minstrelsie," and to others, for certain picturesque details which it

has been thought well to include in the annotation of these songs. Especial recognition is due Miss Velma Swanston for the translations of the Swedish songs "The Crystal Maiden" and "Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North." To the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney we are indebted for the only translation and arrangement and adaptation of the words and music of the wonderful "Björneborgarne's March," — that *Marseillaise* of the North, — typical, rugged, vigorous! This extraordinary piece typifies a people, their sentiment and their temperament.

We should apologize for the omission of much that many will miss, and for the inclusion of much that many would like to miss; but it is Mr. George Cary Eggleston who has aptly said in the preface to a book of "War Ballads": "If a book be in need of apology, no apology is sufficient for it."

DOLORES BACON.

SONGS THAT EVERY CHILD
SHOULD KNOW

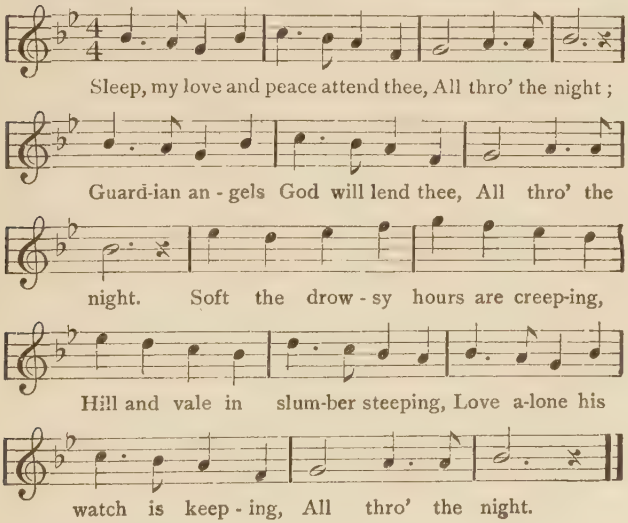
SONGS THAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

All Thro' the Night

This is famous in Wales for its immortal popularity, and is world-known for its rare melodic beauty.

Tune, *Ar Hyd Y Nos.*
(*Old Welsh Melody.*)

Words by HARRY BOULTON.

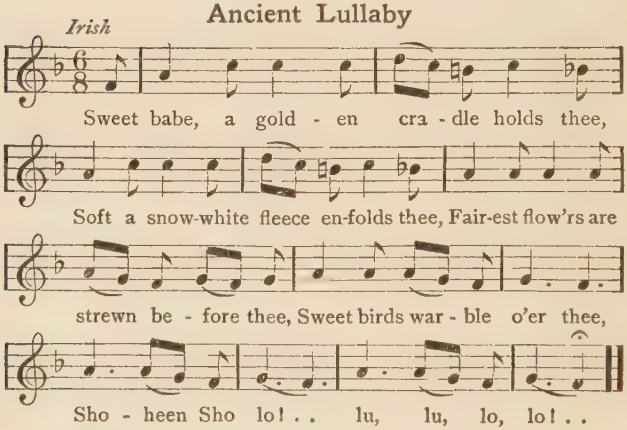


Though I roam a minstrel lonely,
All thro' the night;
My true harp shall praise thee only,
All thro' the night.

Love's young dream, alas! is over,
Yet my strains of love shall hover,
Near the presence of my lover,
All thro' the night.

Hark! a solemn bell is ringing,
Clear thro' the night;
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward winging,
Home thro' the night.
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,
Soul immortal, thou shalt waken,
With thy last dim journey taken,
Home thro' the night.

Ancient Lullaby

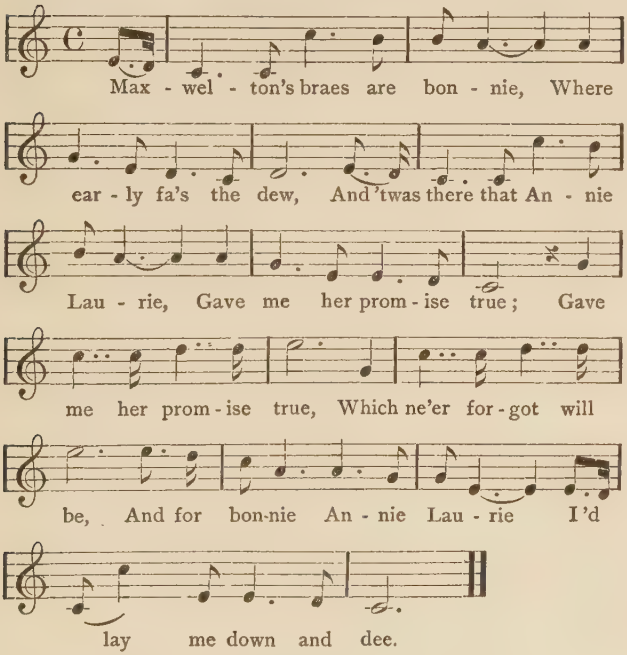


Oh, sleep, my baby, free from sorrow,
Bright thou 'lt ope thine eyes to-morrow;
Sleep, while o'er thy smiling slumbers
Angels chant their numbers.
Shoheen Sho lo! lu, lu, lo, lo!

Annie Laurie

The romantic interest in this song had its foundation in the loves of Douglas of Finland and Annie Laurie. The original music was written by Douglas. Two stanzas are appended, which are the original verses; the first one having been vouched for and signed, as below, in 1854, by an old lady, who was the granddaughter of Douglas.

Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT.



Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.

That ere the sun shone on,
  And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I 'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying
  Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
  Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
  And she 's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I 'd lay me down and dee.

FIRST ORIGINAL STANZA

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
  They 're a' clad owre wi' dew,
Where I an' Annie Laurie
  Made up the bargain true.
Made up the bargain true,
  Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I 'd lay me down an' dee.

(Signed) "Clark Douglas" with note: "I mind na mair. August 30, 1854."

SECOND ORIGINAL STANZA

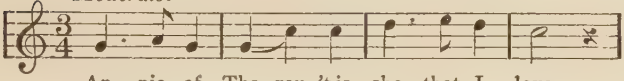
She 's backit like the peacock,
  She 's breistit like the swan,
She 's jimp around the middle,
  Her waist ye weel micht span, —

Her waist ye weel micht span, —
An' she has a rolling e'e,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay me down an' dee.

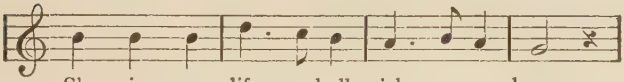
Annie of Tharau

Words by SIMON DACH (1638). Music, SILCHER (1825).
Translator, CHAPMAN.

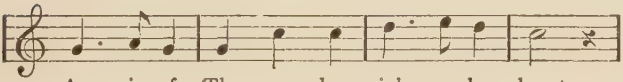
Moderato.



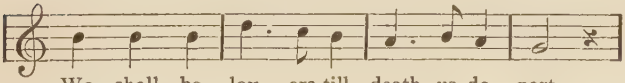
An - nie of Tha - rau, 't is she that I love,



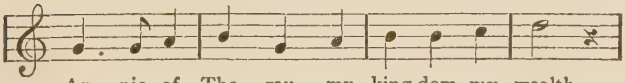
She is my life and all rich - es a - bove;



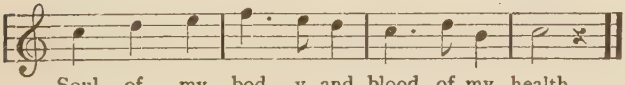
An - nie of Tha - rau has giv'n me her heart,



We shall be lov - ers till death us do part.



An - nie of Tha - rau, my king-dom, my wealth,



Soul of my bod - y and blood of my health.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

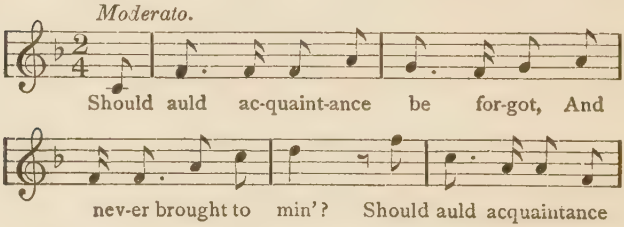
Say we be caught in the stormiest weather,
We 're of a mind that we 'll stand it together;
Sickness, misfortune, and trouble and pain,
All to our love shall be nothing but gain.
Annie of Tharau, my sun and sunshine,
This life of mine will I throw around thine.

Straight as a tree that, rising on high,
Wards off the hail and the rain from the sky,
So shall our love for each other be strong,
Love will protect us, whatever go wrong.
Annie of Tharau, my kingdom, my wealth,
Soul of my body and blood of my health.

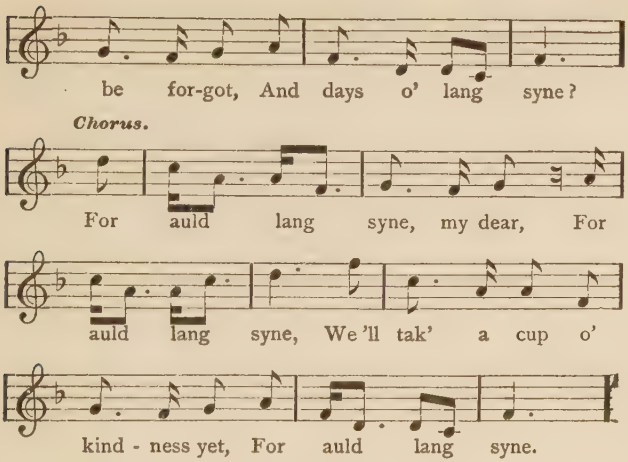
Say you should ever be parted from me,
Say that you dwelt where the sun they scarce see,
Where you go I go, o'er oceans and lands,
Prisons and fetters and enemies' hands.
Annie of Tharau, my sun and sunshine,
This life of mine will I throw around thine.

Auld Lang Syne*

Composed for the overture to the opera of *Rosina*, about 1782. Words of second and third stanzas may have been, probably were, written by Robert Burns. Words were adapted to music by Thomas in 1799.



* Old long since.



We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we 've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

And there 's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie 's a hand o' thine;
And we 'll tak' a right gude willy-waught*
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

* Good-will draught.

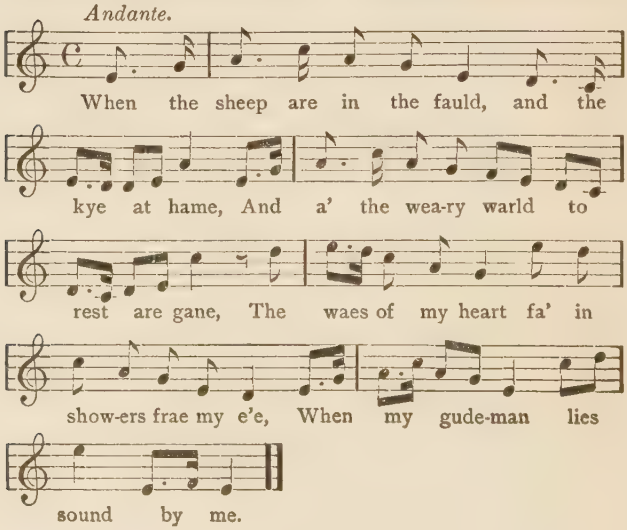
And surely you 'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I 'll be mine,
And we 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

Auld Robin Gray

In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, Lady Anne Lindsay tells how she wrote these words to fit an air that was a favorite of her sister's. After Lady Anne had written several stanzas she said to a younger sister who was present, "I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I have been oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines — poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. "The cow was immediately lifted by me," Lady Anne adds, "and the song completed." The air to which the words were originally written is the air used here. An air that is more familiar was composed by the Rev. William Leeves.

Words by LADY ANNE LINDSAY. Tune, *The Bridegroom Grat.*

Andante.



Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and socht me for his bride,
But, saving a crown, he had naething else beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father cou'd na work, and my mother cou'd na spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win,
And Bob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!

My heart it said Na; for I look'd for Jamie back:
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack:
The ship it was a wrack, — why did na Jamie dee,
Or why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

My father argu'd sair; my mother did na speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
Sae I gae him my hand, though my heart was i' the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman* to me.

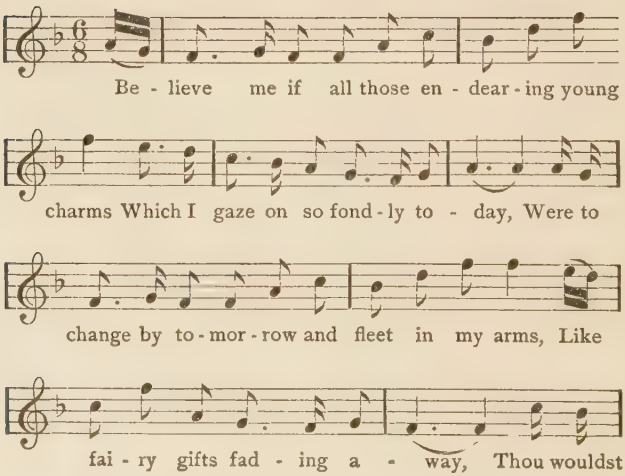
* Husband.

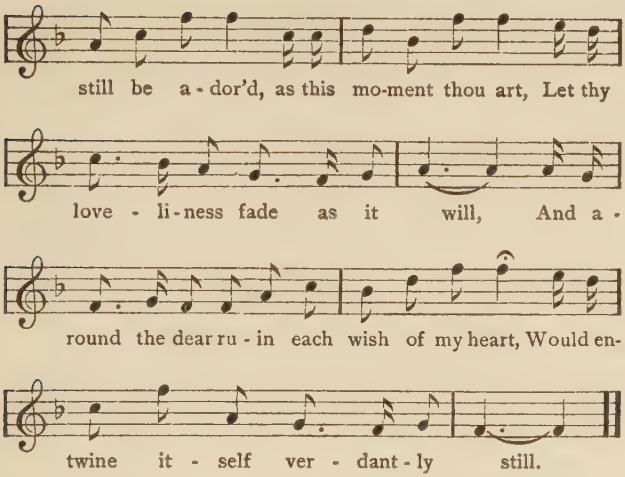
I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said I 'm come hame for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee,
And why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

I gang like a gaist, and I care na to spin,
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I 'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms





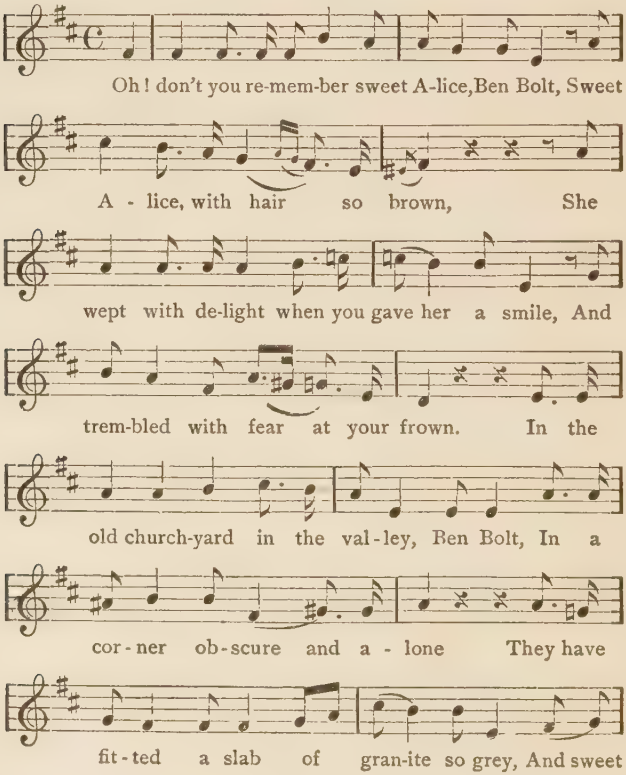
It is not while beauty and youth are thy own,
  And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
  To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
  But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets *
  The same look which she turned when he rose.

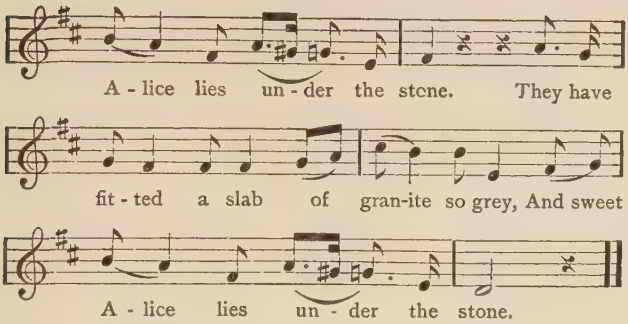
TOM MOORE.

* It is Neltje Blanchan who botanically reminds us, in "Wild Flowers," of the Nature Library, that Moore is only poetically, not scientifically, correct in the last two verses of the last stanza of this song.

Ben Bolt

Melody is German. Words were written in 1842. Music was adapted to the words by Nelson Kneass. Music was written to the words by Dr. English, but was written entirely for the black keys, and was unsuccessful. Dr. English's original intention was to write a sea song, but his purpose took flight and his original intention is betrayed only in the last line. A ship was named Ben Bolt, also a steamboat was thus named; — both were wrecked. A play was written upon the idea, and this song alone made its publisher rich. By reason of its popularity it is the most marvellous of songs ever written.





Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
  Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we 've lain in the noonday shade,
  And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
  The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze
  Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
  At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
  Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
  The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
  Grows grass and the golden grain.

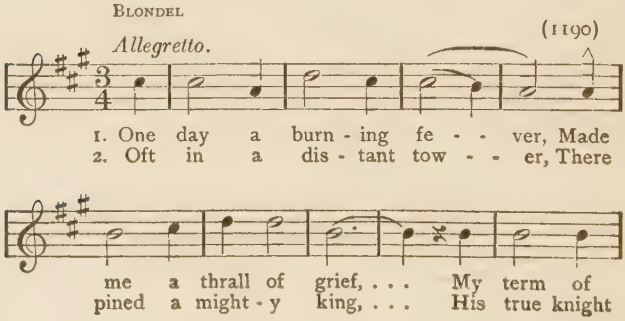
And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
  With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
  Where the children went to swim?

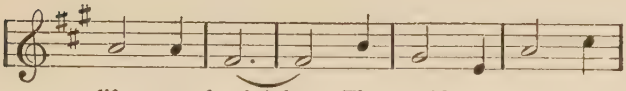
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
  The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
  There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
  They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
  There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
  Since first we were friends, — yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
  Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale!

Blondel's Song

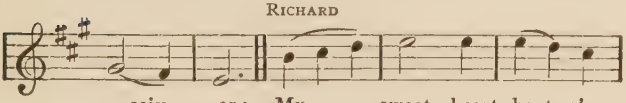
Blondel was the favorite minstrel of Richard the Lion-hearted. Together, the King and Blondel composed a song, which later was to be the means of discovering the prison of Richard, when in war his enemies had taken him prisoner. The minstrel devotedly wandered about always playing the song, and one day Richard responded from his prison tower with a part of the song. The simply antiphonal song is appended, and is one of the earliest to which there is any history attached.





life seemed brief, The world a dark de-
mourn'd this thing, Sad hour by wea - ry

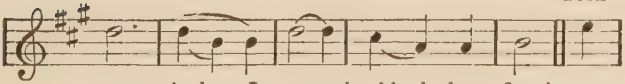
RICHARD



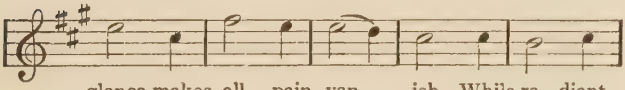
ceiv - er; My . . sweet - heart bent o'er
hour . . . A . . ray from Mar-ga-ret's

Finale.

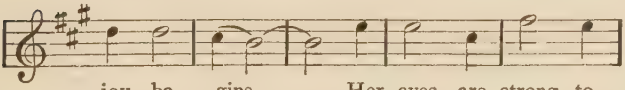
BOTH



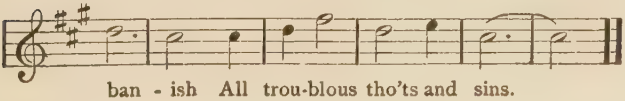
me, And . . I saw death's shad-ows flee. } Her
eyes, And this tower were Par - a - dise! }



glance makes all pain van - ish, While ra - diant



joy be - gins . . . Her eyes are strong to



ban - ish All trou-blous tho'ts and sins.

BLONDEL

"Your beauty, lady fair,
None view without delight,
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;"

RICHARD

"Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me."

BLONDEL

"No nymph my heart can wound
If favor she divide,
And smiles on all around,
Unwilling to decide;"

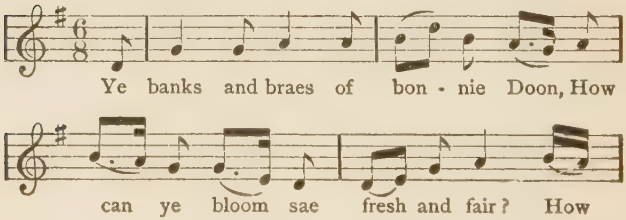
RICHARD

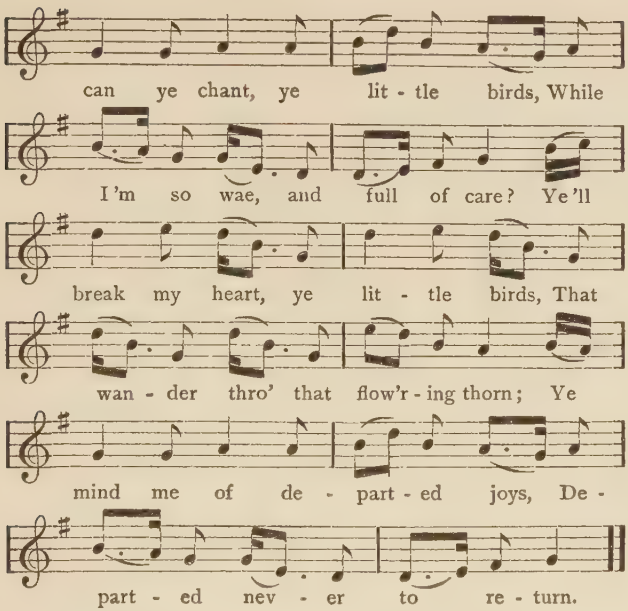
"I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share."

Bonnie Doon

Burns told a story of the origin of the air, which may or may not have been true, but certainly it was picturesque. He related how the composer who is accredited with the air expressed a desire to be the author of a Scot's tune. The composer was speaking with Clarke, who was a friend of Burns. Clarke facetiously told the composer to keep to the black keys and to preserve some kind of rhythm, and the result would necessarily be a Scot's air. Presumably, the composer followed instructions, since a few days later he turned out *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, — the melody to which Burns wrote these words.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. Tune, JAMES MILLAR.





Oft have I roamed by bonnie Doon
  To see the rose and woodbine twine;
Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
  And cheerfully I join'd with mine:
Wi' heartsome glee i' pu'd a rose,
  A rose out of yon thorny tree;
But my false love has flown the rose,
  And left the thorn behind wi' me.

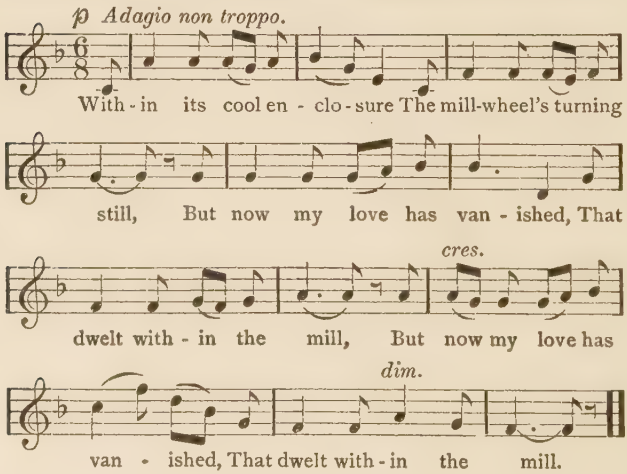
Ye roses blaw your bonnie blooms,
  And draw the wild-birds by the burn,
For Luman promised me a ring,
  And ye maun aid me should I mourn.

Ah, na, na, na, ye need na mourn,
  My een are dim and drowsy worn;
Ye bonnie birds, ye need na sing,
  For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,
  At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear;
And midday, by the willow green,
  For him I 'd shed a silent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye 'll pity me,
  And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes and joins the mane
  I make for him, I lo'ed sae lang.

The Broken Ring

Words by J. v. EICHENDORFF. Music by GLÜCK (1814).



Her troth in words was spoken,
  A ring she gave me, too;
But now her troth is broken,
  The ring has sprung in two.

Now would I be a stroller
  And wander evermore,
And tell the world my sorrow,
  And sing from door to door.

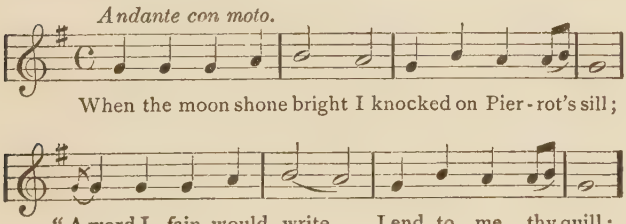
Or would I be a horseman,
  And plunge into the fight,
And lie beside the camp-fires
  On battlefields at night.

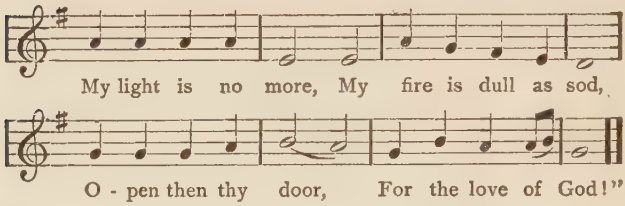
For while I hear the mill-wheel,
  I know not what I would;
If death would only take me,
  Its sound were stilled for good.

By Moonlight

(Au clair de la lune)

Words by LULLY (1632–1687).





When the moon shone bright
  To me Pierrot said:
"I could never write,
  And I am now in bed;
Go thou to our neighbor,
  She is there, poor soul,
I can hear her labor
  Shovelling her coal."

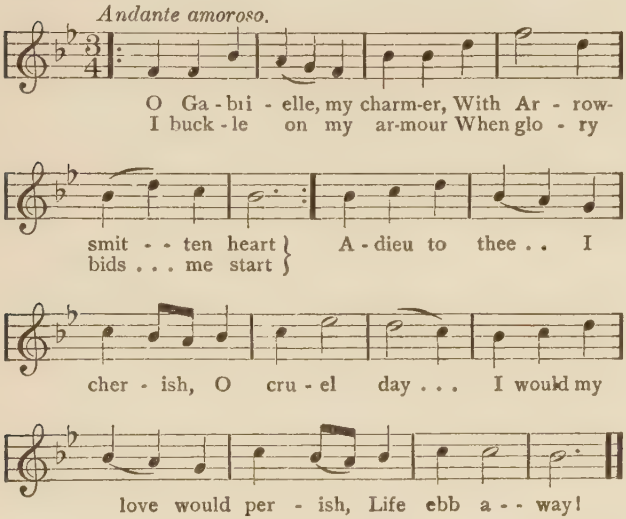
When the moon shone bright
  The Rake raised the latch,
Then cried out the wight:
  "Help! where is a match?"
"Fear," said he, "no danger,
  O sweet girl above,
Open to this stranger
  For the God of Love!"

When the moon shines bright
  There 's much left unseen,
They searched for a light,
  And where pens had been,
But just what they found —
  That I cannot say,
But I heard the sound
  Of bolts drawn away!

Charming Gabrielle

(Charmente Gabrielle)

The composition and authorship of this song is attributed to Henri IV., and written in 1600. The heroine of the romance was Gabrielle d'Estries, Duchess of Beaufort.



But I, dear love, shall crown thee,
  For I a crown have won,
You win it from the heart of me,
  I won it from Ballone;
Adieu to thee I cherish!
  O cruel day;
That life should ever perish,
  Love lasts for aye!

Comin' Thro' The Rye

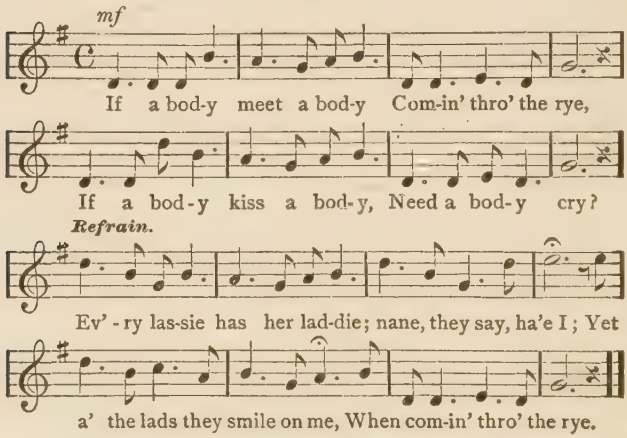
It is by no means an established fact that Burns wrote the words of this song, although he did scratch a stanza of it upon a pane of glass at Mauchline.

"Gin a body kiss a body
Comin' thro' the grain;
Need a body grudge a body
What 's a body's ain?"

If Burns wrote the words of the entire song, then the stanza on the pane seems differently to interpret the word "Rye"—which has been interpreted in another place as a reference to the river Rye. There is a fugitive stanza that seems to argue in favor of the river, quite as much as the Mauchline stanza seems to stand for the other explanation. These verses run thus:

"O Jennie 's a weet, poor body,
Jennie 's seldom dry;
She 's draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the RYE."

If we are to accept that word as other than a reference to grain, it means that Jennie forded the river at Dalry, in Ayrshire. The song was probably first sung at a Christmas pantomime in London, in 1795.

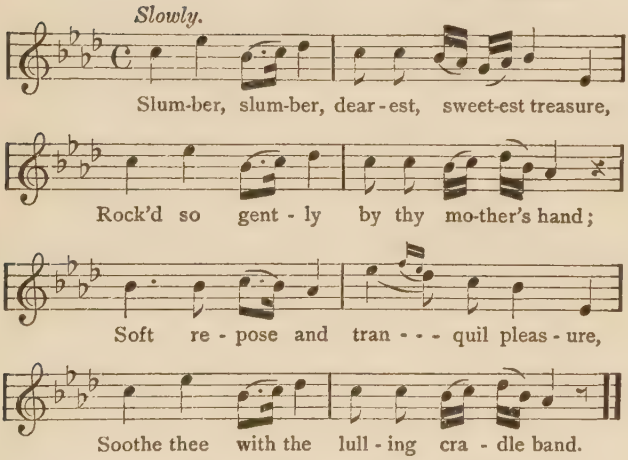


If a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
If a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, *etc.*

Amang the train there is a swain
  I dearly love mysel',
But what 's his name, or where 's his hame,
  I dinna choose to tell.
    Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, *etc.*

Cradle Song

Fr. Schubert.

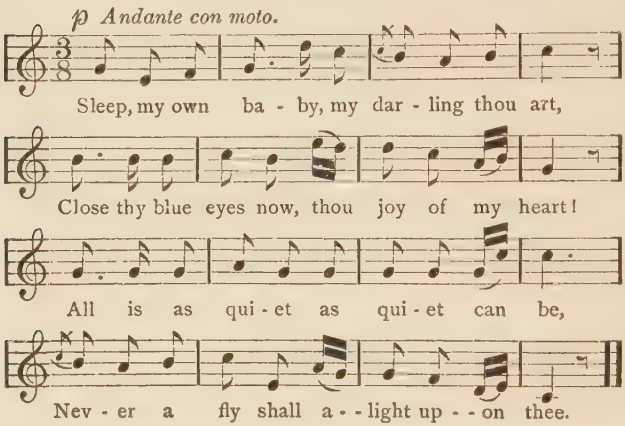


Slumber, slumber, in sweet dreams reposing,
  While protects thee the fond mother's arm,
All her riches here enclosing,
  Holds she in her clasp so true and warm.

Slumber, slumber, on thy downy pillow,
  Love's hymn round thee music sweet shall make;
And a lily and a rosebud
  Shall reward thee when thou dost awake.

Cradle Song

Words by FRANZ CARL HIEMER (1810).
Music by CARL MARIE VON WEBER (1810).



Angels from Heaven as lovely as thou,
Hover around thee, and smile on thee now.
What if the angels must go by and by?
Yet when thou weepest, thy tears they will dry.

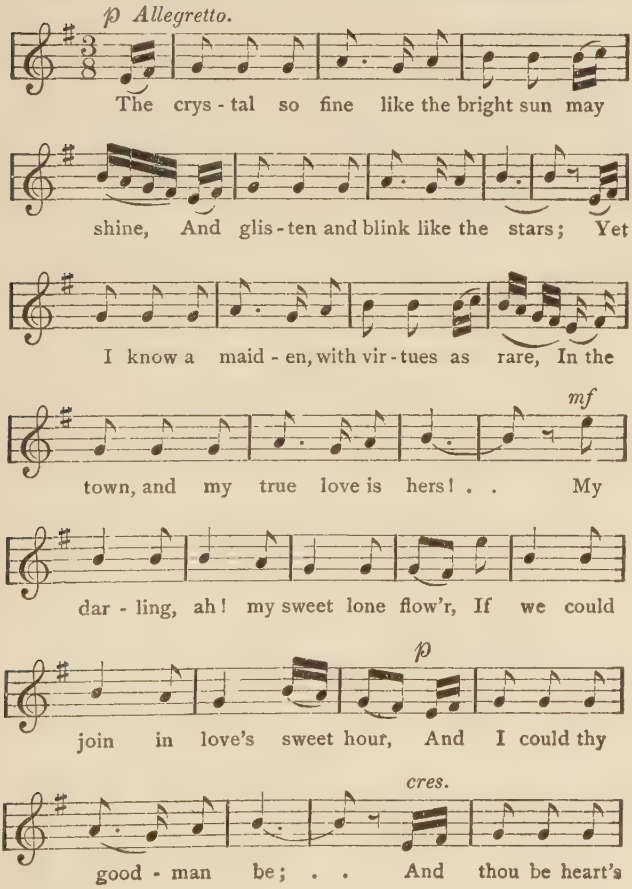
Gold are the hours that are gliding away,
Dear one, to-morrow is never to-day;
Come to thy bedside will sorrow and pain,
Ne'er wilt thou slumber so sweetly again.

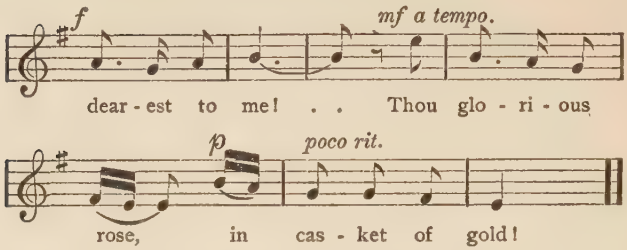
Sleep then, my baby, the dark do not fear,
Mother is sitting, and guarding thee here;
Darling, though late or though early it be,
Mother will never grow weary for thee.

The Crystal Maiden

("Kristalle, die reinen")

Translator, VELMA SWANSTON. *Folk Song* (*Swedish*).

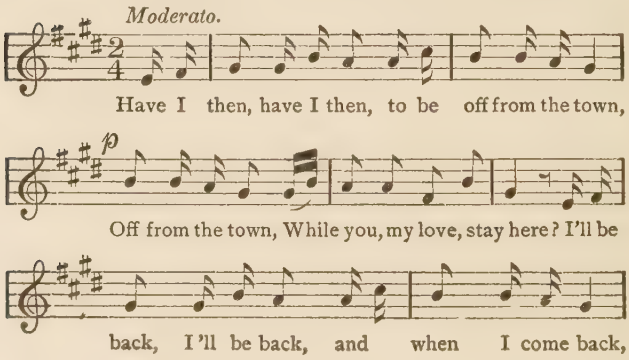


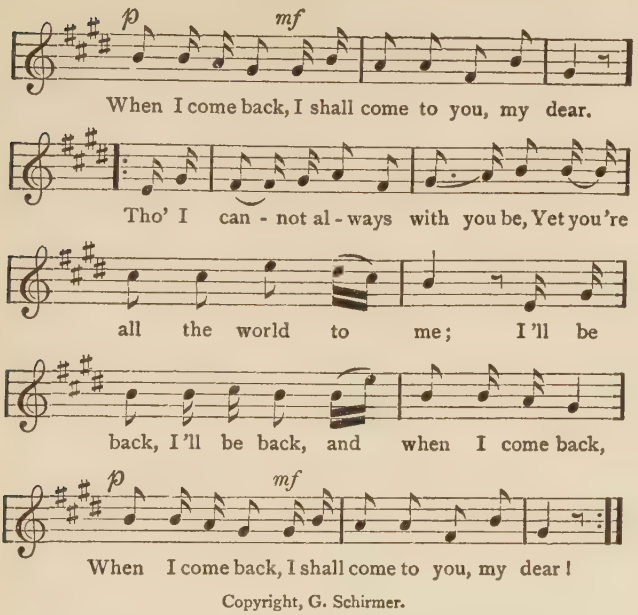


And wide though I wend to the world's farthest end,
  My heart would be yearning for thee;
Yea, wide though I wend to the world's farthest end,
  My heart would be yearning for thee!
With thee, my friend, my rose of love! —
If I could be made one, my dove! —
  And I should thy goodman be,
  And thou be heart's dearest to me!
Thou glorious rose, in casket of gold!

Departure

Translator, CHAPMAN. *German Folk Tune.*





Copyright, G. Schirmer.

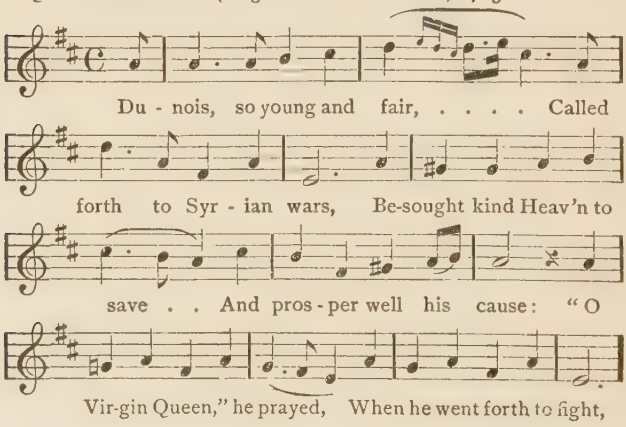
How you weep, how you weep, now that I must
be gone,
I must be gone,
As tho' our love were through.
Everywhere, everywhere are plenty of girls,
Plenty of girls,
But to you I 'll still be true.
||: Never fear if I another see
'T will change my love for you,
Everywhere, everywhere are plenty of girls,
Plenty of girls,
But to you I 'll still be true! :||

In a year, in a year, when they 're gathering the grapes,
Gathering the grapes,
I 'll be back again, you 'll see.
And if then, and if then, I 'm your heart's dearest still,
Heart's dearest still,
Then we can married be.
||: In a year I shall have done my time,*
In a year I shall be free,
And if then, and if then, I 'm your heart's dearest still,
Heart's dearest still,
Then we can married be. :||

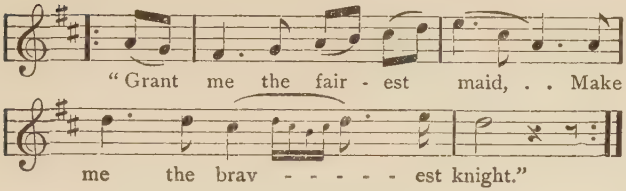
Departure For Syria

(Partant pour la Syrie)

QUEEN HORTENSE (*Eugénie de Beauharnais*) 1783.



* This is not a reference to serving a prison term, but to *army* service.

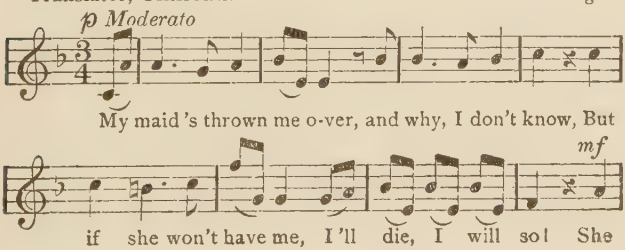


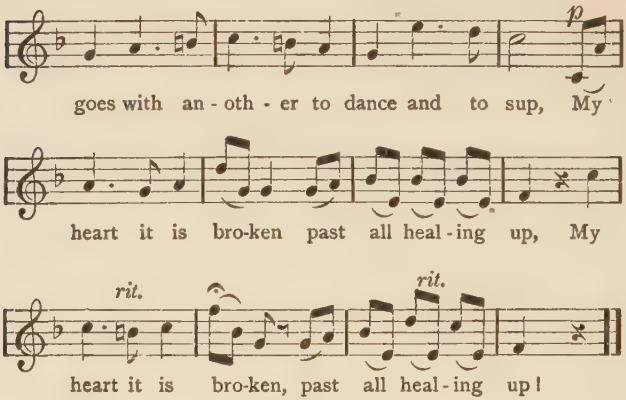
Then traced he with his sword
The oath of knighthood brave,
And followèd his Lord
To triumph or the grave;
And faithful to his prayer
He cried with death in sight:
||: "Love, love, for the most fair,
And I the bravest knight!" :||

Great victory he won,
"Now, truly," said his lord,
"I 'll make thee my own son,
And give thee great reward;
To Isabelle to-night
Thou sure shalt wedded be,
||: Thou art my bravest knight,
The fairest maiden she." :||

The Despised Lover

Translator, CHAPMAN. *German Folk-song.*





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To marry her honest,
I promised and swore,
Yet now will I stand at
Her window no more;
Once more will I try her,
Once more will I ask,
||: My heart to her window
I 'll drag to its task. :||

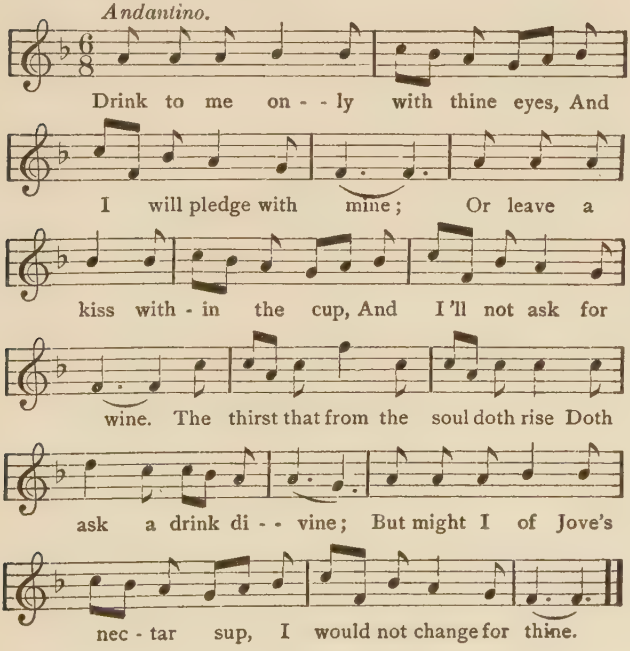
I wanted to rap, but
I did n't just dare,
And in at the window
I only could stare.
For when with your mistress
You see there 's a lad,
||: You 'd better believe me,
It hurts pretty bad. :||

To-night I shall lie by
Her window, I will,
Till somebody comes to
Climb over the sill;
Then Heaven forgive her,
But I 'll undertake
||: To help him climb in at
Her window, the snake! :||

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Words by BEN JONSON.

Andantino.

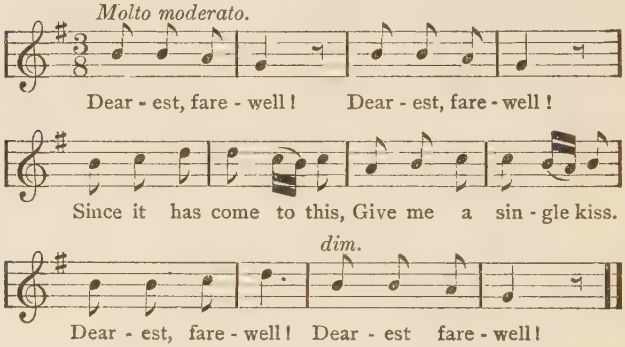


I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

Farewell

Translator, CHAPMAN. *German Folk-song* (*before* 1816).



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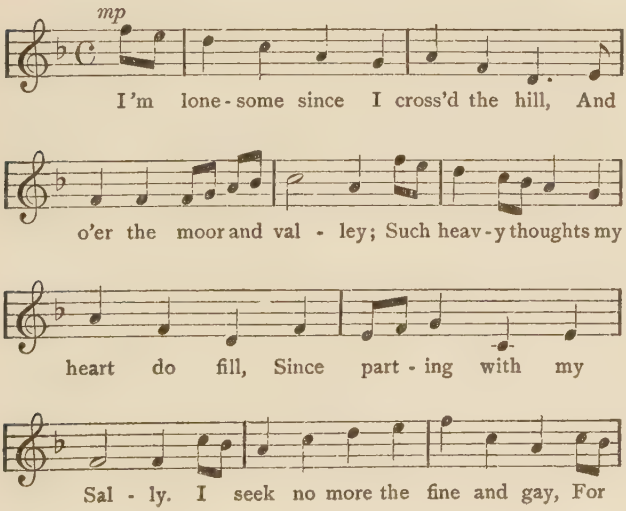
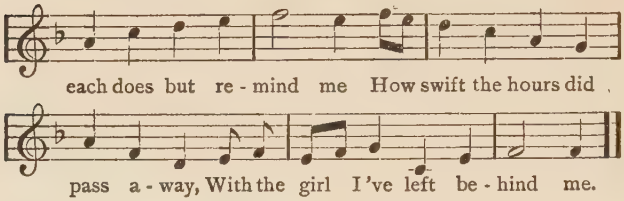
Farewell again!
  Farewell again!
Long as thou lovest me
I will be true to thee
  Farewell again!
  Parting is pain!

Dearest, farewell!
Dearest, farewell!
Dry thy dear eyes again,
Death cannot part us twain:
Farewell again!
Parting is pain!

The Girl I Left Behind Me

This air is of Irish origin, and probably as early as the seventeenth century. It became popularized by an Irish bandmaster of the English army. The bandmaster was notoriously fickle, and at each post he left behind him a new sweetheart. In an effort to pay impartial and musical tribute to them all he found it convenient to have this piece played whenever the regiment broke camp. As the sentiment seemed one eminently suited to the affectional conditions of most of the army, The Girl I Left Behind Me became the musical militant fashion. This song was ordered to be played by our own Custer whenever the Seventh U. S. Cavalry went out. This was played, according to custom, on the morning when Custer went to his death.





Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
  The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
  When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I 'm bound to Brighton camp,
  Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
And send me safely back again
  To the girl I 've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
  With all the skill of Homer,
One only strain should fill my lays, —
  The charms of my true lover.
So, let the night be e'er so dark,
  Or e'er so wet and windy,
Kind Heaven send me back again
  To the girl I 've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
  Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist with carriage chaste,
  May leave the swain repining.
Ye Gods above! Oh hear my prayer,
  To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
  To the girl I 've left behind me.

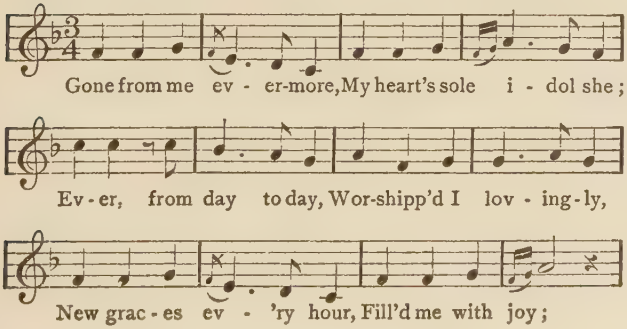
The bee shall honey taste no more,
  The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
  Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
  Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
  The girl I 've left behind me.

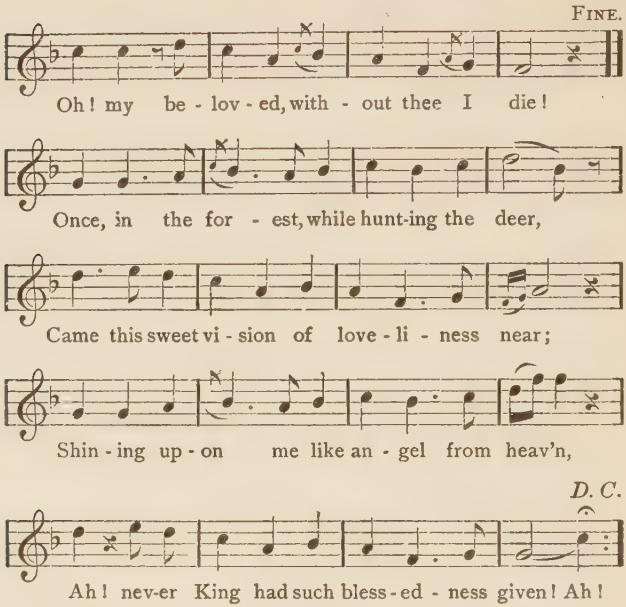
My mind her form shall still retain,
  In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
  For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
  And she should not decline me,
I evermore shall live and stay
  With the girl I 've left behind me.

Gone From Me Evermore

(J'ai perdu celle)

Words by JACQUES AHREM. AIR, *Henri III* (1574).





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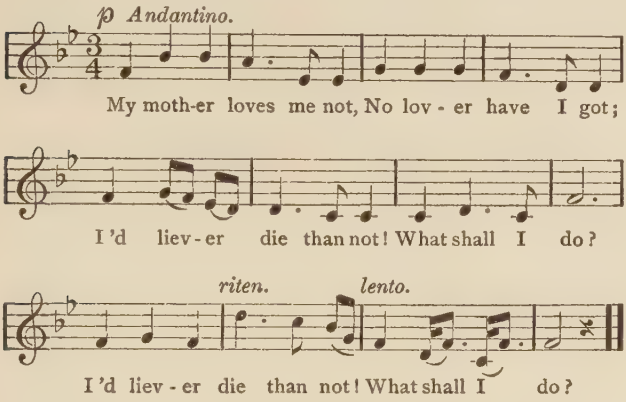
Oh, could I sit by her side at this hour,
Gladly I 'd give all my splendour and pow'r,
No place so humble and no place so dear,
But I would share it if she were but here. Ah!
Ref. Gone from me evermore, *etc.*

Hid in a cloister, my poor darling one,
Faded away like a flower and was gone;
Gone from earth's sorrows, its tears and its love,
Up to the brightness of heav'n above. Ah!
Ref. Gone from me evermore, *etc.*

Heartache

Translator, CHAPMAN. *Suabian Folk-Song.*



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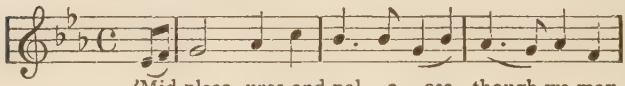
On Confirmation Day
None ever looked my way;
||: How can I, then, be gay?
I 'll dance no more! :||

Let the three roses blow
That by the gravestone grow.
||: Did ye the maiden know
That lies beneath? :||

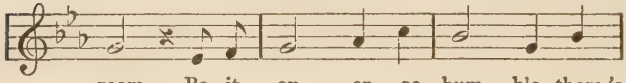
Home, Sweet Home

The music was originally foisted upon the public as a Sicilian air. Bishop had been commissioned to include a Sicilian air in a collection of songs, and not having one he undertook to make one. Payne, the writer of the verses, said of himself: "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing 'Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head!" Three hundred thousand copies of the song are said to have been sold; but the author got nothing above the £250 received for it as originally written for the musical play of "Clari, the Maid of Milan." This was in 1823.

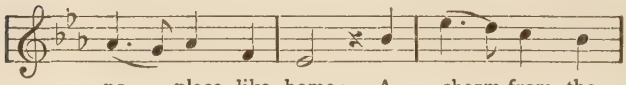
Words by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. Music by BISHOP.



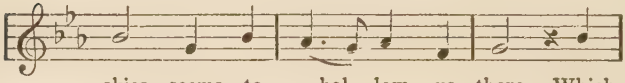
'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may



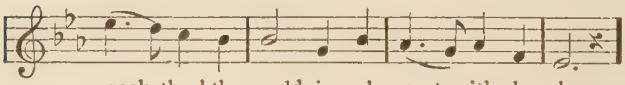
roam, Be it ev - - - er so hum - ble, there 's



no . . place like home; A charm from the

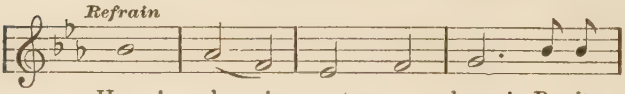


skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,

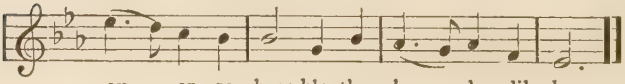


seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

Refrain



Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Be it



ev - - er so hum-ble, there 's no place like home.

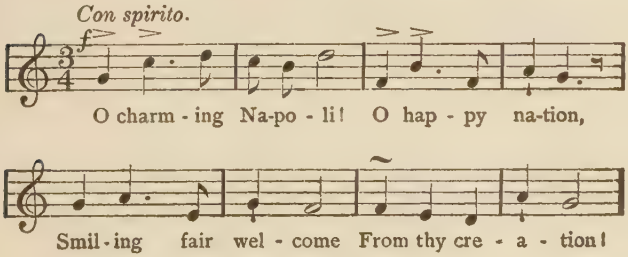
An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call, —
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! *etc.*

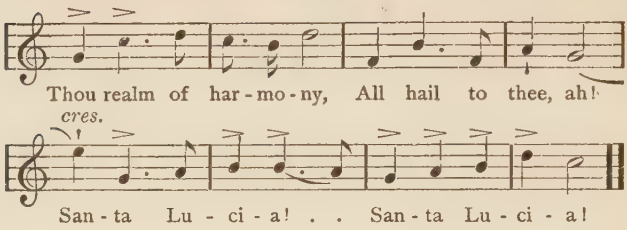
How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me! the pleasures of home!
Home! home! *etc.*

To thee I 'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.
Home! home! *etc.*

Italian Air

The Rev. Hobart B. Whitney has preserved this air as he heard it forty years ago, outside the window of his hotel. It was sung in a clear, ringing voice by an Italian boy (street musician), and Dr. Whitney immediately recorded it in MS. It is Santa Lucia, and is included in this collection as being beyond doubt the popular corruption of the original song. The street-singer's version is eminently the more singable and vital and fascinating.



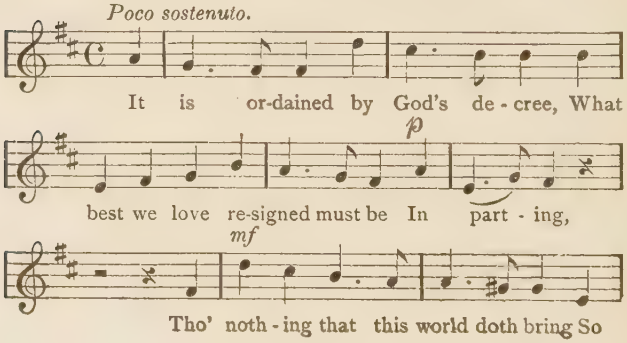


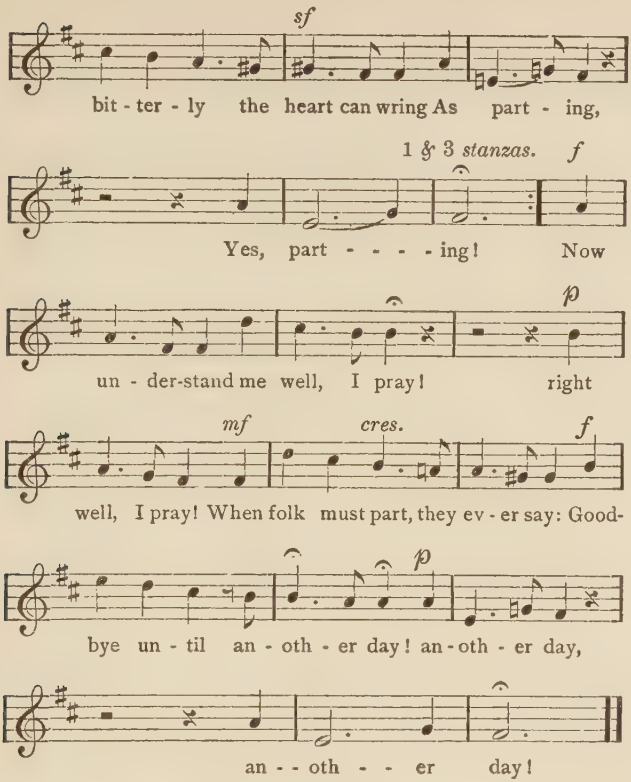
Translation copyright, G. Schirmer.

Why are ye waiting now?
  Eve glows in splendor,
Light airs invite ye,
  Cooling and tender.
Here in my bonny bark
  Come all with me, ah!
Santa Lucia!
  Santa Lucia!

"It Is Ordained By God's Decree"

Words by Ernst von Feuchtersleben (before 1826).
Music by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1839).





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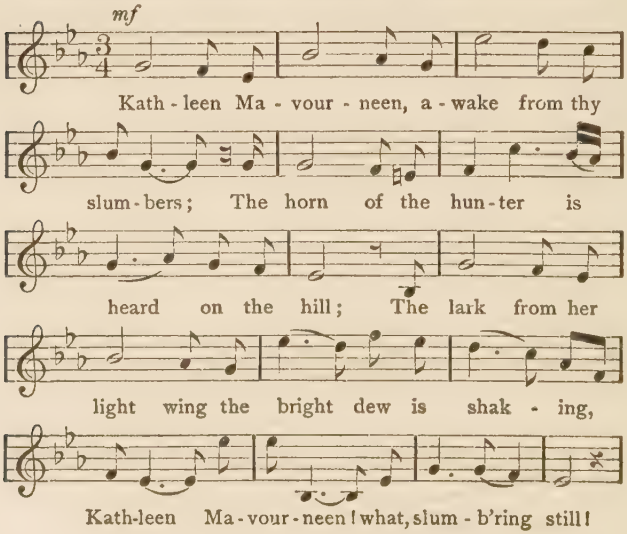
A rosebud has been sent to thee,
In water place it carefully;
    Yet surely,
If blows the rose by morning light,
'T will surely wither ere the night.
    Ay, surely — yes, surely.

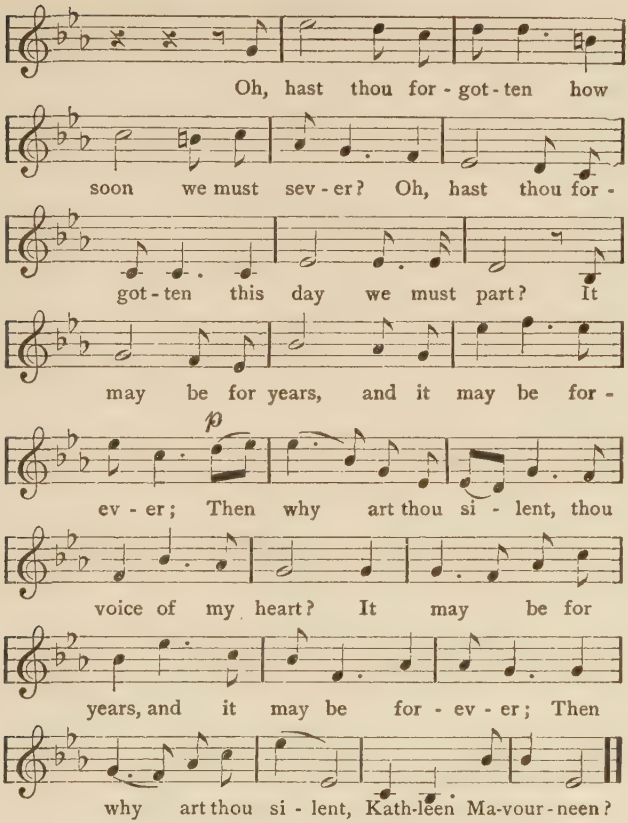
And if from God thou dost receive
A sweetheart, whom thou wouldst believe
Thine only,
There shall not many days be gone,
Ere she shall leave thee all alone,
And lonely — ay, lonely.

Kathleen Mavourneen

The music of this song brought its composer ten pounds. A tender, sentimental incident attaches to the composition, which is as follows. This song was so beloved of an Irish lad named James Marion Roche, from his childhood to manhood, that the composer became in time a sort of dream-creature to Roche, and as beloved as unknown. Years after the song was written, Roche learned that the composer was living in poverty. Roche went to him, gained Crouch's good graces, and finally induced the composer to adopt him. By this tactful means he put himself into the way of taking care of Crouch without the man he so admired feeling under extraordinary obligation.

Words by Mrs. CRAWFORD. Music by F. NICHOLAS CROUCH.





Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

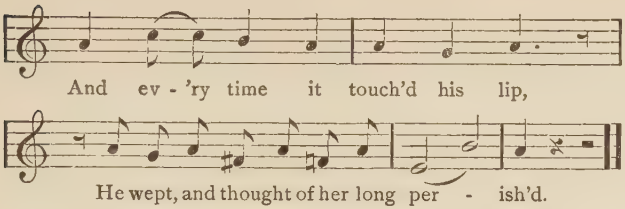
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever;
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

King Of Thule

Music by GOUNOD.

Un poco ritenuto.

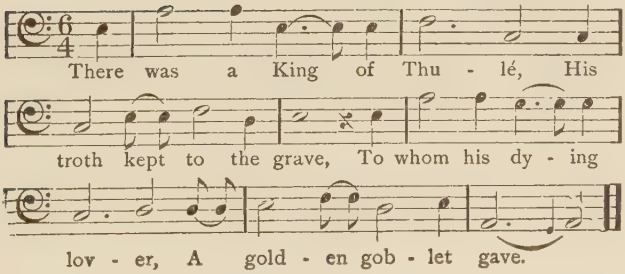
O'er the sea, in Thu - le of old,
Reign'd a King who was true - heart - ed,
Who, in re - mem-brance of one de - part - ed,
Treas - ured up a gob - let of gold.
This rare cup so ten - der - ly cher-ish'd, This rare
cup so ten - der - ly cher - ish'd, Aye at his
side the King did keep,



Over the sea at last came Death!
On his couch, the old King lying,
Call'd for a cup when he was dying,
Almost with his latest breath.
||: Once more with the old true devotion, :||
The King would have his cup of gold.
Then with hand already cold
He flung the goblet in the ocean.

King Of Thule

Music by ZELTER (*original key*).



Was naught he priz'd so dearly,
At each high feast 't was used;
When to his lips he raised it
His eyes with tears suffused.

When he at last was dying,
  He gave his realm away,
Gave all to his successor,
  But the cup with him did stay.

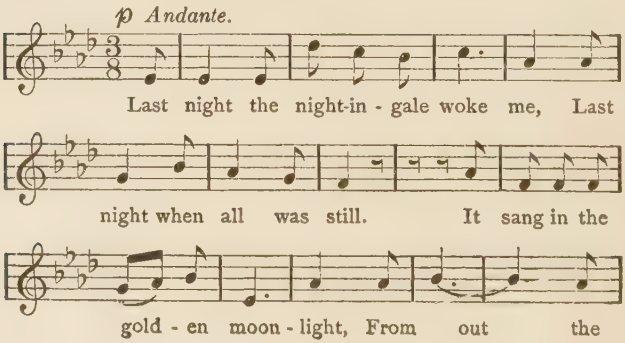
He sat at his stately banquet,
  Amid his knightly train,
In his forefathers' castle,
  That beetled o'er the main.

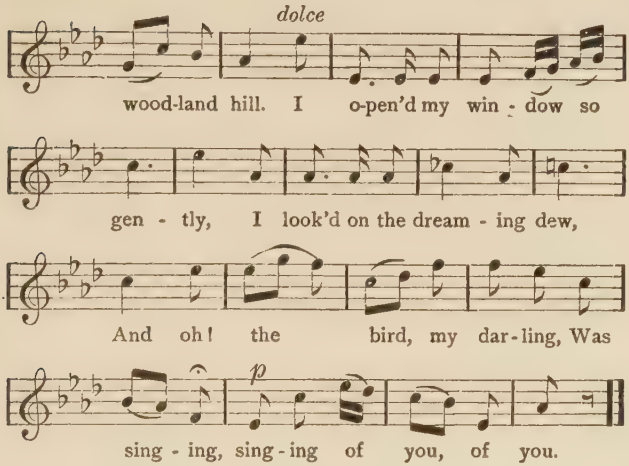
There stood the aged drinker,
  His life's last draught quaffed he,
Then hurled the sacred goblet,
  Down, down within the sea.

He saw it whirling, falling,
  In ocean sinking fast,
His eyes closed as 't was sinking,
  That draught, it was his last.

Last Night

Words by CHRISTIAN WINTHER. Music by HALFDAN KJERULF.



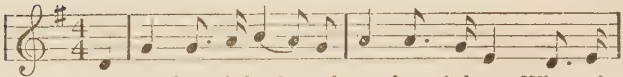


I think of you in the daytime,
  I dream of you by night,
I wake, and would you were here, love,
  And tears are blinding my sight.
I hear a low breath in the lime tree,
  The wind is floating thro',
And, oh! the night, my darling,
  Is sighing, sighing for you.

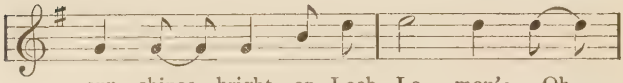
Oh, think not I can forget you;
  I could not if I would,
I see you in all around me,
  The stream, the night, the wood.
The flowers that slumber so gently,
  The stars above the blue,
Oh! heav'n itself, my darling,
  Is praying, praying for you.

Loch Lomond

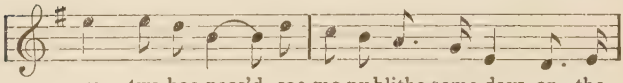
(This was a Jacobite Air)



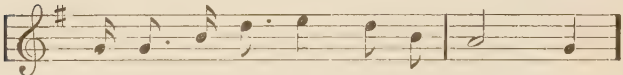
By yon bon-nie banks and yon bon-nie braes, Where the



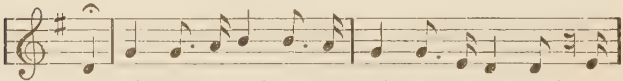
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon'; Oh



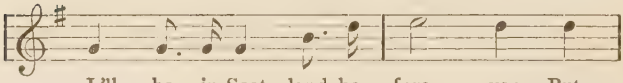
we twa hae pass'd sae mo-ny blithe-some days, on the



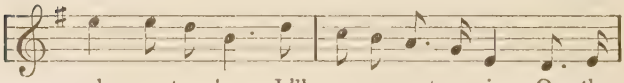
bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.



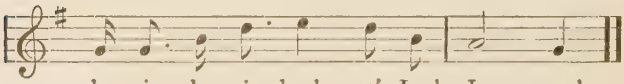
Oh! ye 'll tak' the high road, and I 'll tak' the low road, An'



I 'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye; But



oh, my true love, I 'll nev-er meet a-gain, On the



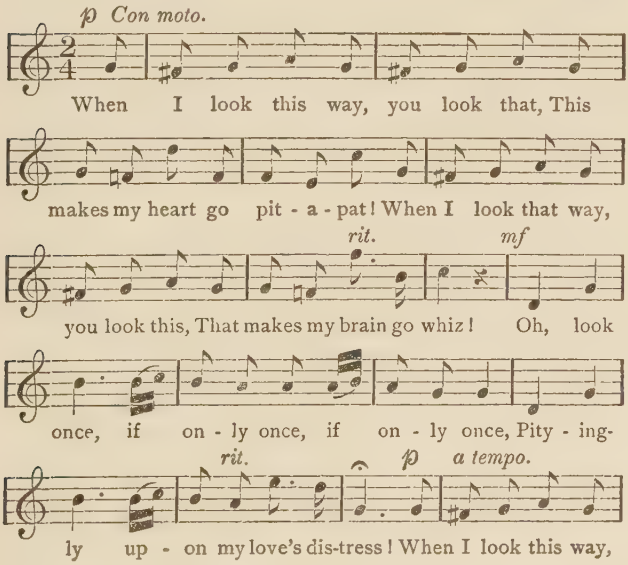
bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.

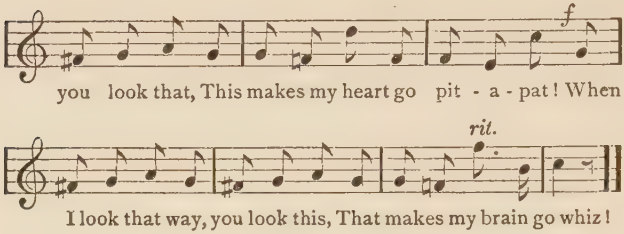
I mind where we pairted, in yon shady glen,
  On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the highland hills we view,
  An' the morn shines out frae the gloamin'. Oh!
    Ye 'll tak' the highroad, *etc.*

The wee birdies sing an' the wild-flowers spring,
  An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin',
But the broken heart it seeks nae second spring,
  An' the world does na ken how we 're greetin'. Oh!
    Ye 'll tak' the highroad, *etc.*

Love's Distress

Translator, CHAPMAN. *Suabian Folk-song.*





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When I go here, then you go there,
That gives my heart a scare, a scare.
If I keep on you make a fuss,
And people stare at us.
  Oh, stay once, if only once, if only once,
  Trustingly with me in my distress.
When I go here, *etc.*

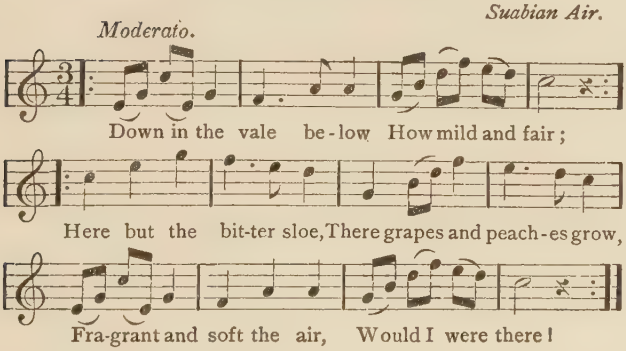
And if I talk, you will not speak,
That cuts me to the quick, the quick;
If I say "yes," then you say "no,"
Which causes me much woe.
  Oh, speak once, if only once, if only once,
  Tenderly to me in my distress.
And if I talk, *etc.*

And when I weep, you laugh for spite,
That ties my heart up tight, up tight.
And if I smile, then weep you do,
And that upsets me, too.
  Oh, weep once, if only once, if only once,
  Sweet and true for me in my distress.
And when I weep, *etc.*

And yet, you witch, this way with you
Is just what all the others do;
You treat me worse than all the rest, —
I guess you love me best.
  Oh, love once, if only once, if only once,
  Joyfully, love me in my distress.
And yet, you witch, *etc.*

The Lowland Home

Suabian Air.



||: Down by the Neckar stream
  How fresh and gay; :||
||: Here of joys not a gleam,
  Dull and sad all things seem,
  There day glides after day,
    Cheerful away. :||

||: Warmth in the plain we find,
  Here it is cold; :||
||: Bleak blows the mountain wind,
  Like the folks' hearts unkind,
  All their desire is gold
    To have and hold. :||

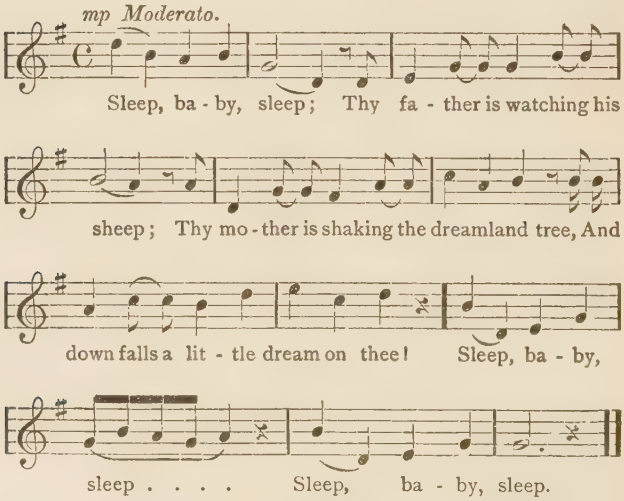
||: No friendly glance for me,
Not so with you; :||
||: Dear friends, tho' poor ye be,
Down there so blithe and free,
Fain would I join you too,
Warm hearts and true. :||

Lullaby

These words were set to music by the composer for the infant son of a well-known, brilliant musician. The little child was familiarly, endearingly known as "Bubbins." He was the infant son of Carl E. Martin, and dying in infancy, the gentle air was kept sacred to baby memory till now. Mr. Whitney lends it to this collection at the request of the compiler, who recognizes it as one of the perfect things of slight musical composition. It used to be publicly sung by the gifted Mary Bingham, who was the mother of the composer.

Words from the GERMAN.

Music by Rev. HOBART B. WHITNEY.



Sleep, baby, sleep;
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the pale moon is the shepherdess!
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came here to die!
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby

Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER. *Roman.*

Andante, ma sciolto.

Now by - low, ba - by, and slum - ber sweet — and

sound - ly, Your ti-ny bed be of vio-lets soft and

ev - en, Your dow-ny pil - low of silk — smooth and

shin - y, And all the bed-clothes of gold - en

sun - - - - - - - beams wo - ven!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Now bylow, baby, and slumber soon will find you!
My darling daughter, now sleep and please your mother,
For she is weary with long rocking your cradle
All night and day, and one hour like the other.

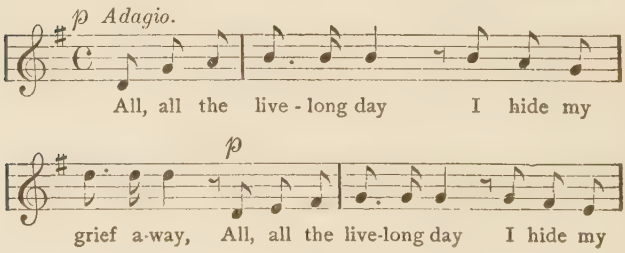
Now bylow, baby, my love, my darling Ninna,
And may the Father repose and comfort bring you!
Now fall asleep, and a lullaby together
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost shall sing you.

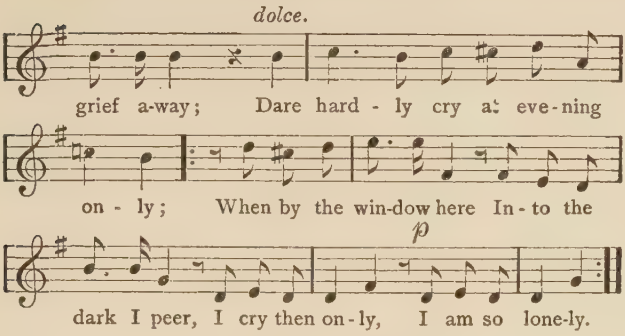
O Holy Saviour, who art my consolation,
Thou who didst comfort two women sore afflicted.
Consoler Thou of Martha and Mary,
Be baby and mother by Thy love protected!

Thy consolation was giv'n to Mary and Martha,
In mercy daughter and mother Thou invitest!
Now bylow, baby, and over you a shower
Shall fall of golden rings and pearls the brightest.

The Maiden's Lament

Translator, CHAPMAN. PHILIPP J. DÜRINGER.





Copyright, G. Schirmer.

||: For oh, my love is dead,
And gone to his death-bed, :||
And mine he was, mine only,
||: And he will come no more,
And oh! my heart is sore;
I loved him only, and I am lonely. :||

||: Ah! when I teased him he
Would often say to me: :||
" The time will come when you 'll be lonely.
||: You 'll cry for me some day
When I am far away,
You 'll cry, and only because you 're lonely." :||

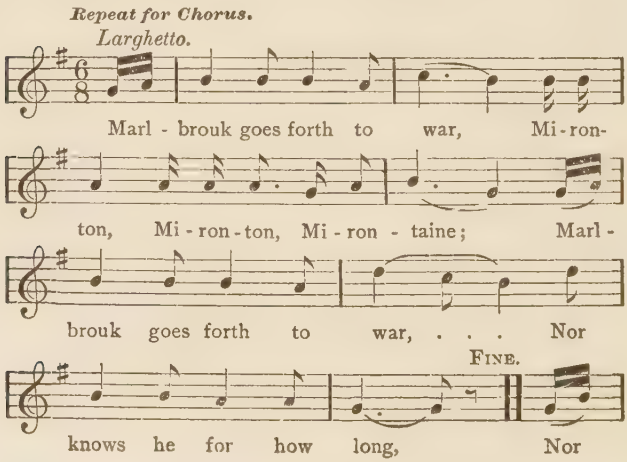
||: Ah, God! You hear me cry,
Unless I 'd better die, :||
I cannot bear to be so lonely;
||: If he might come some day
And hold me fast and say,
" Mine art thou only, no longer lonely." :||

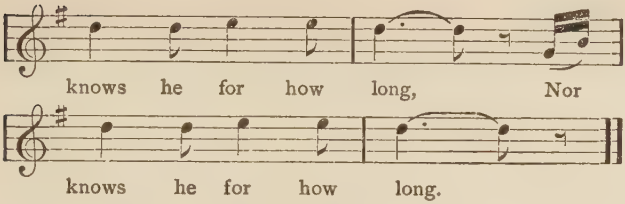
||: He will not come again,
My heart is dead with pain, :||
And I can cry at evening only;
||: And when the stars arise,
I seem to see his eyes
That were mine only, I am so lonely. :||

Marlbrouk

This song would doubtless have been forever lost, had not Marie Antoinette fancied it upon hearing it sung to her baby by its nurse. She, herself, adopted it, and it became famous, and was soon sung in every café and carrefour in Paris; presently, in all France. It was sung on the stage, it was introduced into the "Marriage of Figaro." Beethoven used the theme in 1813. We are familiar with this sung as "We won't go Home till Morning," and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," — remarkable transgressions from the original spirit. The original is not all given here. It is completed by a crude, soldier-sort of description of the funeral, and is a strange mixture of pathos and humor. The song was doubtless some hundreds of years old when Marie Antoinette's baby first fell asleep to its singing by Madame Poitrine, the child's nurse.

Napoleon hummed it when he started on his way to Russia on the frightful campaign of 1812. He sang it at St. Helena. An interesting English version is appended.





He 's coming back at Easter,
||: Or else at Trinity. :||

Trinity is long since passed,
||: But Marlbrouk comes no more. :||

Madame mounts her tower stairs
||: As high as she can climb. :||

Behold, his page approaches,
||: And lo, he 's clad in black. :||

" Madame, Marlbrouk is dead,
||: Is dead and in the ground." :||

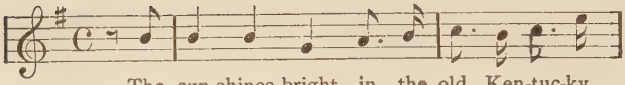
English Version

Marlbrook, the prince of commanders,
Has gone to the war in Flanders,
His fame is like Alexander's.
But when will he come home?
But when will he come home?
But when will he come home?

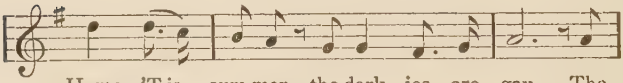
Cho. He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

My Old Kentucky Home

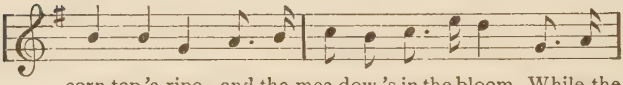
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



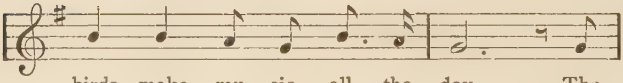
The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuc-ky



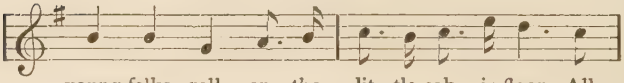
Home, 'T is sum-mer, the dark - ies are gay. The



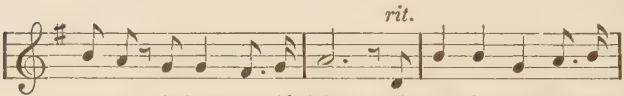
corn-top 's ripe, and the mea-dow 's in the bloom, While the



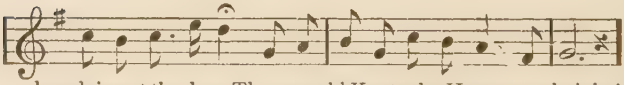
birds make mu - sic all the day. The



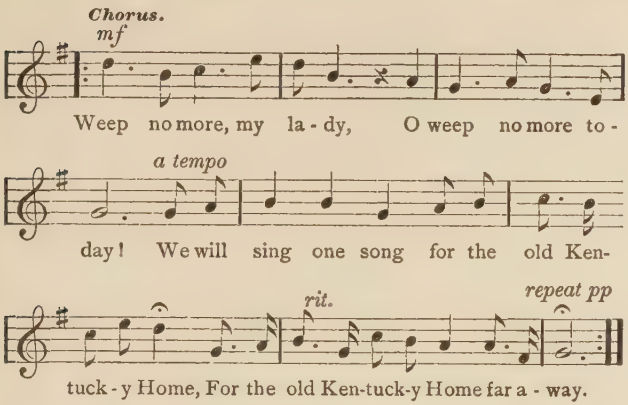
young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All



mer - ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by Hard Times comes a-



knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

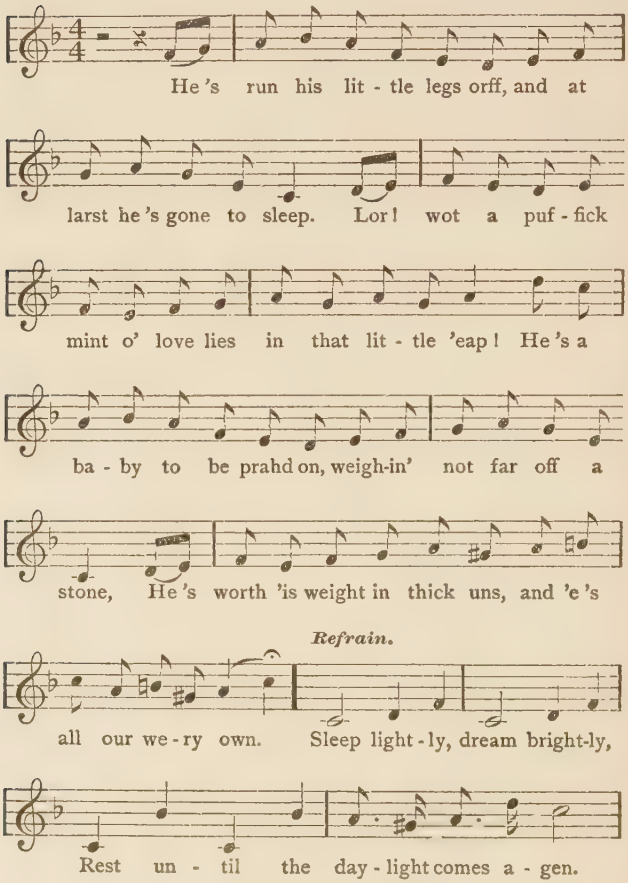


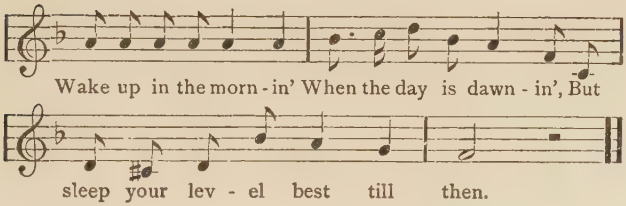
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The days go by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!
Weep no more, *etc.*

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter in the road,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!
Weep no more, *etc.*

The Nipper's Lullaby

Words by MEL. B. SPURR. Music by BOND ANDREWS.
(*for Chevalier*)





Jes see 'im of a mornin' as 'e sets up in 'is bed,
And sez such things, it 's wonderful 'ow they all
come in 'is 'ead!
And he sucks his blessed bottle till it 's drier than
a bone.
Like his dad, 'e likes 'is bottle, — and 'e 's all our
wery own.
Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

And the things that nipper swallers — well, you
really would n't think.
If there is a thing he 's nuttier on than anything,
it 's ink!
Drinks a glass full at a settin', — sich a thing was
never known!
And he dines orff nails and matches, — and he 's all
our wery own.
Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

He 's got a narsty temper, — "Like 'is dad," 'is
mammy sez, —
And wotever he 's a likin' for, that little warmint 'es.
He 's the *or*tiest of *or*tocrats wot sits upon a throne,
For he does jest wot he bloomin' likes, — and he 's
all our wery own.
Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

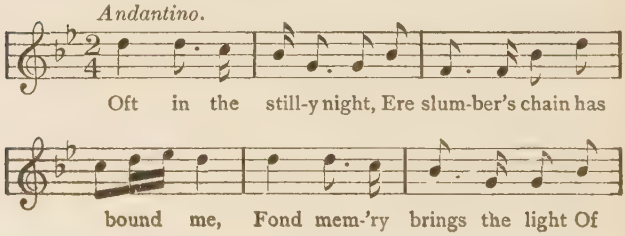
He 's got 'is little failin's, — which they 're spreadin' every day, —
He 's a terror, and no error, when he does n't 'ave 'is way.
But there ain't a nipper like 'im, — sich a kid was never grown!
He 's the champion of the light-weights, — and 'e 's all our wery own.
Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

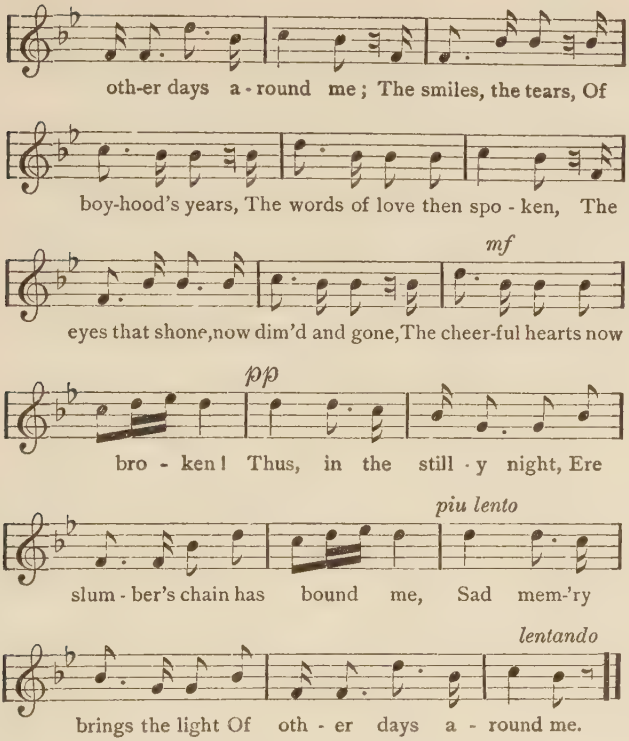
It 's 'is birthday in the mornin', — 'e 'll be just twelvemonth old, —
So to-night I blewed some ooftish, the old gal won't dare to scold,
'Cos I spent it on a present for his artful little nibs.
True, it only cost a penny, but it MEANS more than the dibs.
Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

Oft In The Stilly Night

The devotion of Thomas Moore to his mother is one of the beautiful and well-known facts in Moore's delightful existence. Four thousand letters from him to his mother were found among his mother's effects upon her death.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.



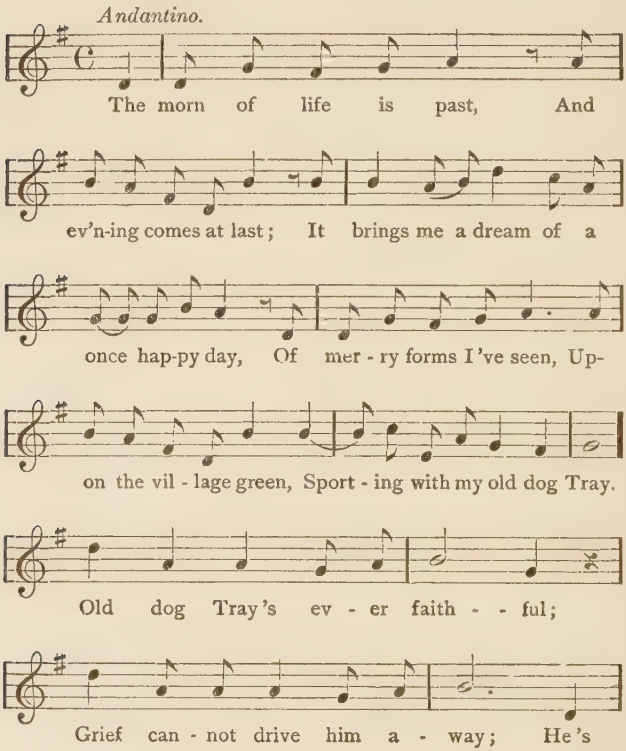


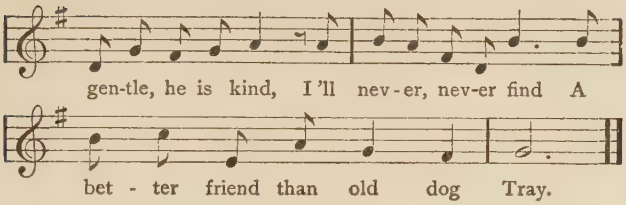
When I remember all
  The friends so linked together
I 've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
  Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!

Thus in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

Old Dog Tray

Words by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



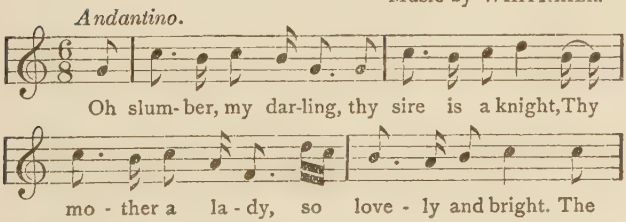


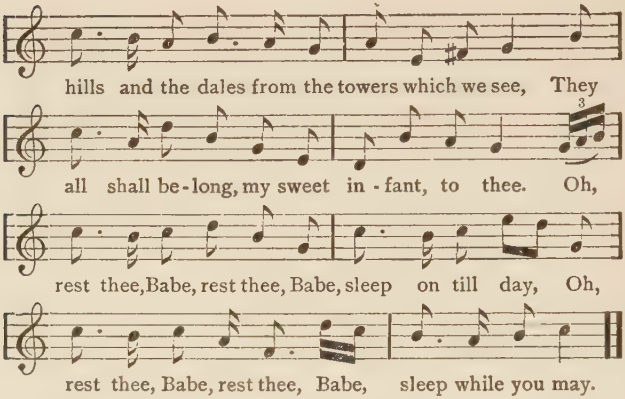
The forms I call'd my own
Have vanish'd one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones, have all pass'd away;
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I 've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray, *etc.*

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know he feels what my aching heart would say;
Although he cannot speak,
I 'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray, *etc.*

Oh Slumber, My Darling

Music by WHITTAKER.

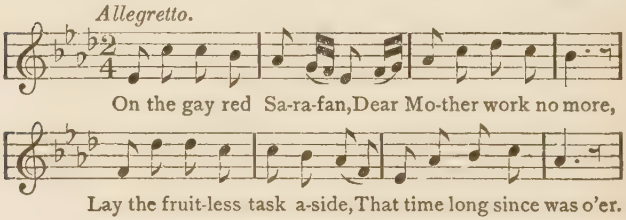


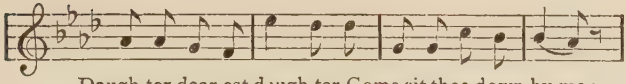


Oh, rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then rest thee, my darling, oh, sleep while ye may,
For war comes with manhood, as light comes with day.
Oh, rest thee, Babe, *etc.*

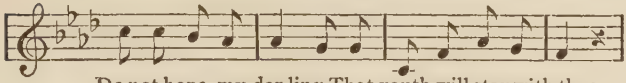
The Red Sarafan

This is a national song of Russia. The red Sarafan is a headdress worn by Russian peasant-brides; and this song which celebrates it is one of the most famous of Central Russia.

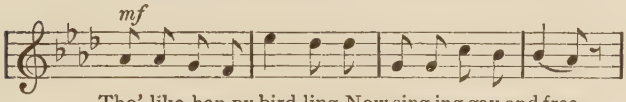




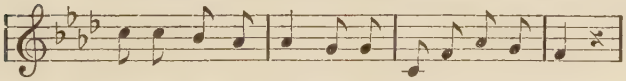
Daugh-ter, dear-est daugh-ter, Come sit thee down by me;



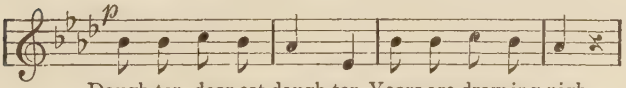
Do not hope, my dar-ling, That youth will stay with thee.



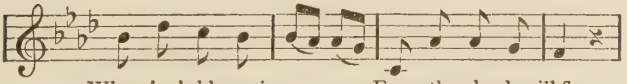
Tho' like hap-py bird-ling, Now sing-ing gay and free,—



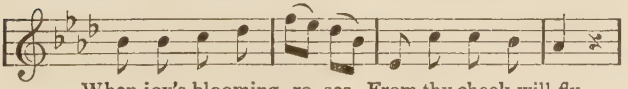
'Mid the flow-ers spring-ing It can-not al-ways be.



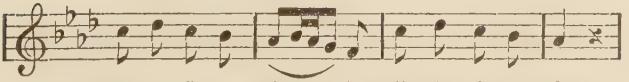
Daugh-ter, dear-est daugh-ter, Years are draw-ing nigh,



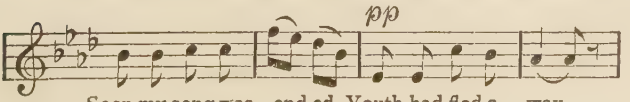
When joy's bloom-ing ro - ses From thy cheek will fly.



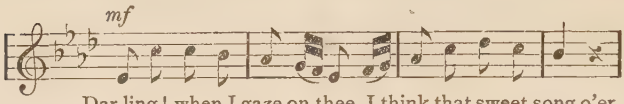
When joy's blooming ro-ses From thy cheek will fly.



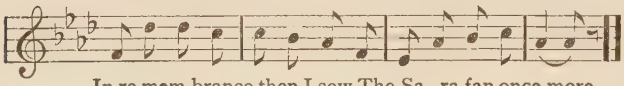
Once too I was sing - - ing Like thee, love, to-day;



Soon my song was end-ed, Youth had fled a - way.



Dar-ling! when I gaze on thee, I think that sweet song o'er,

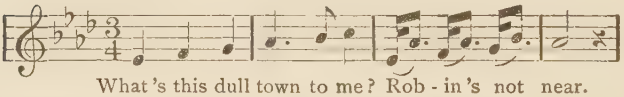


In re-mem-brance, then, I sew The Sa - ra-fan once more.

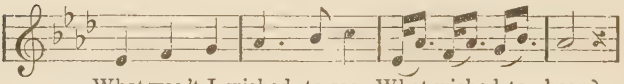
Robin Adair

The music had its origin in the Irish song, Eileen Aroon,* which was written about 1450. The words were written to Robin Adair who was known to King George III. as "the Lucky Irishman." It was written in a fit of love-sickness, by Lady Keppel, and just before her marriage to Robin. Handel so loved the tune that he maintained he had rather have written it than to have written all his own compositions put together.

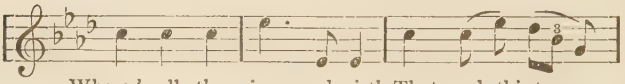
Words by Lady Caroline Keppel.



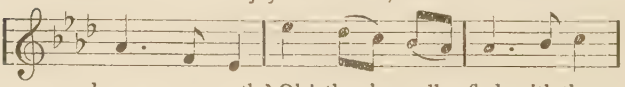
What 's this dull town to me? Rob - in 's not near.



What was 't I wished to see, What wished to hear?



Where 's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a



heaven on earth? Oh! they 're all fled with thee,

Rob - - - in A - - - dair.

* Ellen, the treasure of my heart.

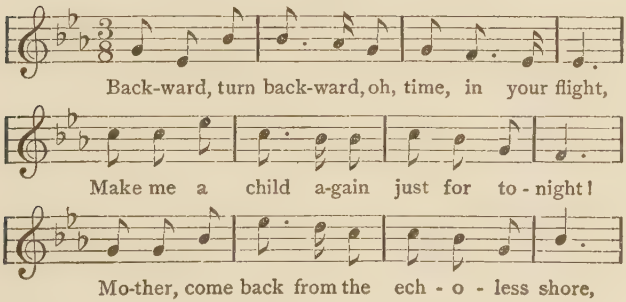
What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair!
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

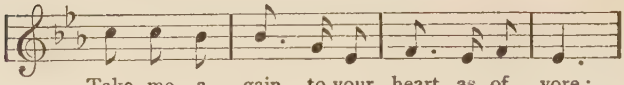
But now thou 'rt far from me,
Robin Adair!
And now I never see
Robin Adair!
Yet he I love so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Rock Me To Sleep

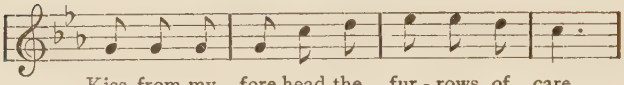
The melody given here will be more familiar to us and better loved by some than is the tune by Müller, even if the Müller score has a little better claim to musical merit.

Words by Mrs. Elizabeth Akers-Allen.

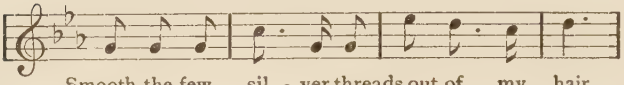




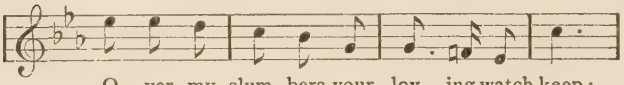
Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore;



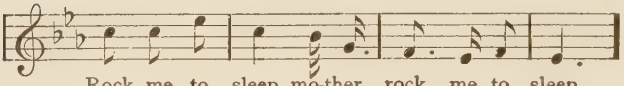
Kiss from my fore-head the fur - rows of care,



Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair,

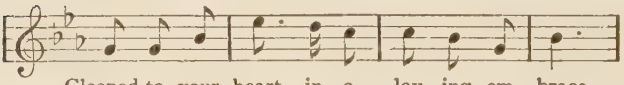


O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep;

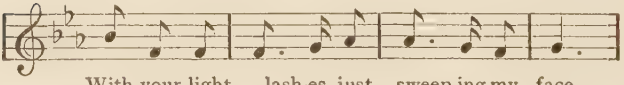


Rock me to sleep, mo-ther, rock me to sleep.

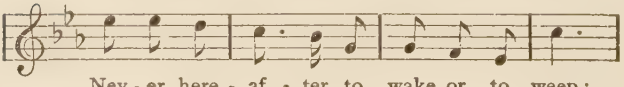
Chorus.



Clasped to your heart in a lov - ing em - brace,

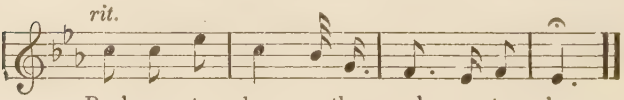


With your light lash-es just sweep-ing my face,



Nev - er here - af - ter to wake or to weep;

rit.



Rock me to sleep, mo-ther, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again;
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

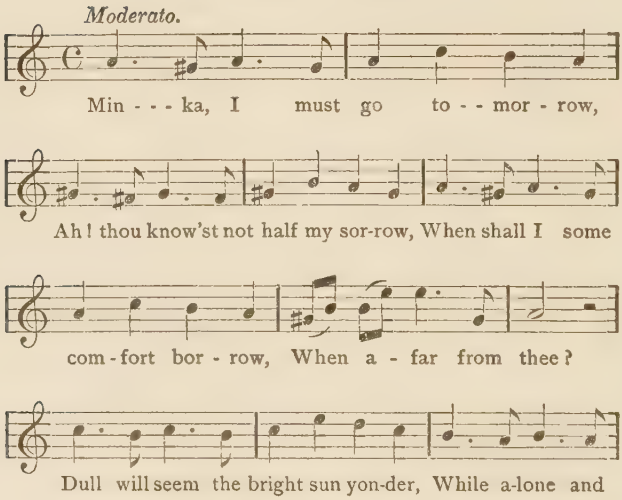
Over my heart in [*the*] days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

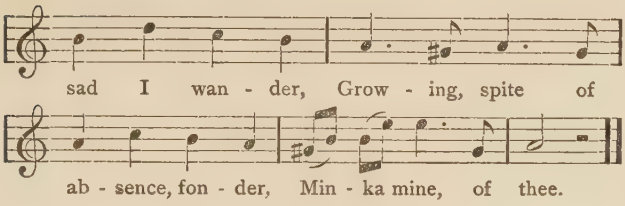
Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;

For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the days have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and into my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face, —
Never hereafter to wake or to weep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

A Russian Melody





Never shall my love forsake thee,
Though my songs no more shall wake thee,
Still my greetings shall o'ertake thee,
Grant me, then, one prayer!
After many a slow noon's waning,
If once more my home regaining,
Let me find thee, Love, remaining
Faithful still and fair.

Oh, my Olaf, must we sever?
I will think of thee forever,
Song and dance shall tempt me never,
Pale my cheek will be.
And through long nights wakeful lying,
When the winds around are sighing,
I shall ask them, if in flying,
Thee they chance to see.

Now my gay songs all unlearning,
I must wait with anxious yearning,
But with thee again returning,
Joy once more will shine.
What though all my youthful graces
Cruel Time meanwhile effaces,
Spite of sorrows, scars, and traces,
Thou wilt still be mine.

The Sandman

Translator, CHAPMAN. *Lullaby from the Lower Rhine.*

pp Misterioso.

The flow'rs have gone to bed - - dy, The

moon's be - gun to shine. Each nods its lit - tle

head - dy Up - on its stem so fine.

mf *p*

The branch-es rus - tle; And they seem To

pp

sigh as in a dream. Sleep - - y,

Sleep-y, sleep - y, Sleep, my ba - by, sleep.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

The birds that sang so sweetly
By day, have gone to rest,
And each is tucked up neatly
All in its little nest;
||: The cottage in the garden here
Is still awake, I fear.
Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,
Sleep, my baby, mine. :||

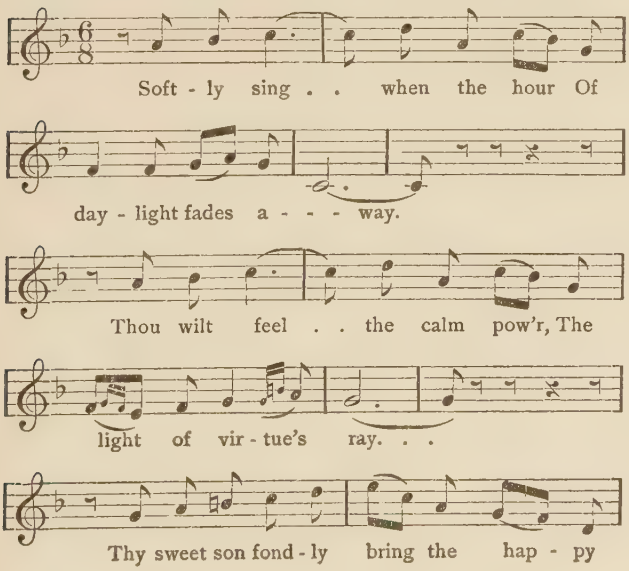
The Sandman will be coming
And poking in his head,
To look for naughty children
That have n't gone to bed;
||: And if he takes them by surprise,
The sand flies in their eyes!
Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,
Sleep, my baby, sleep. :||

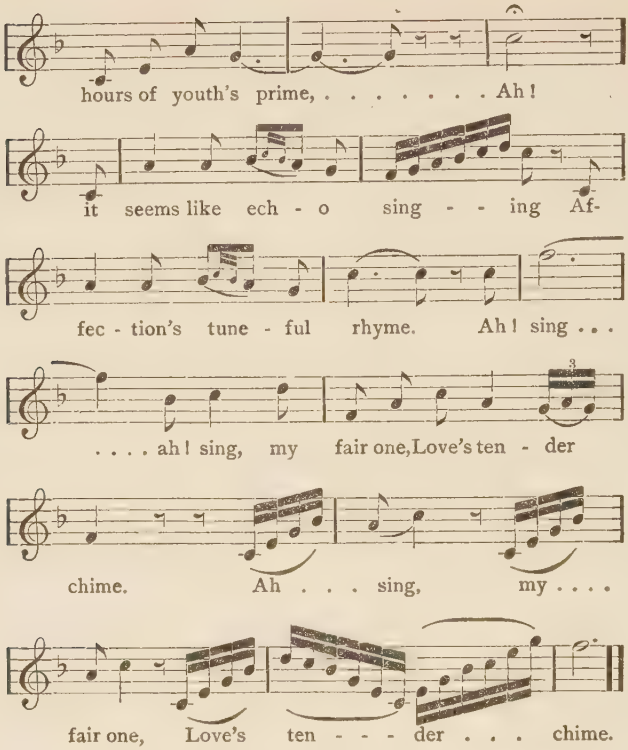
Sing, Smile, Slumber

(Chantez, Riez, Dormez)

This pitiable translation here exists for the music's sake.

Words by VICTOR HUGO. Music by GOUNOD.





Sweetly smiling around me
  Pleasure fondly beams;
Care and sorrow are flown,
  'T is bright as lover's dreams:
Ah! the fond heart will never
  False and fickle appear,
Ah! on thy sweet lips forever
  A smile my heart will cheer,

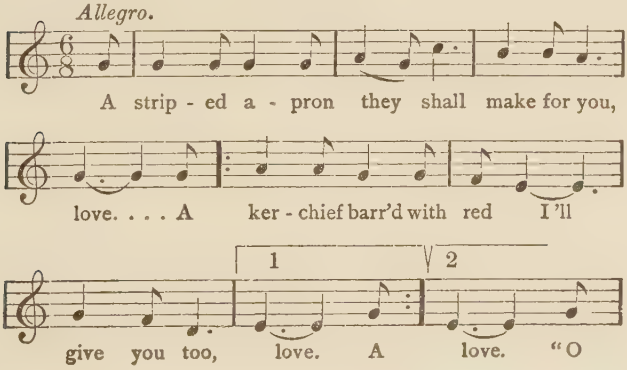
Ah! smile, ah! smile, my fair one,
My heart to cheer,
Ah! sing, my fair one,
My heart to cheer.

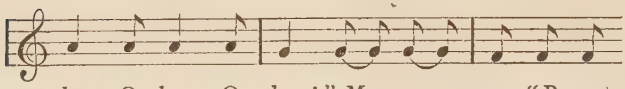
Sweetly sleep, calm and pure,
Beneath love's watchful eyes,
Like a language divine
I hear thy tender sighs.
Sweetly slumber, my fair one,
In thy beauty divine, ah!
Bright angels now are o'er thee,
Sweet spirit, ever mine!
Ah! sleep, ah! sleep, my fair one,
Sweet spirit mine,
Ah! sleep, my fair one,
Sweet spirit mine.

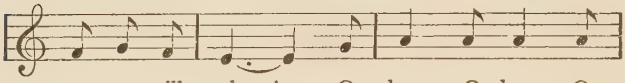
A Striped Apron They Shall Make

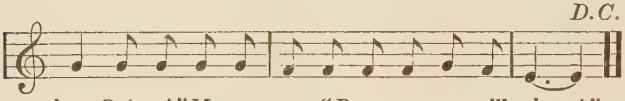
Translator, Dr. Theo. Baker. *Roman.*

Allegro.









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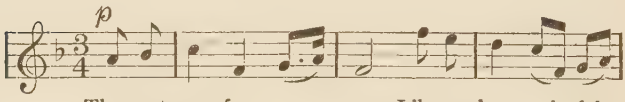
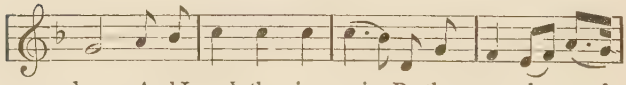
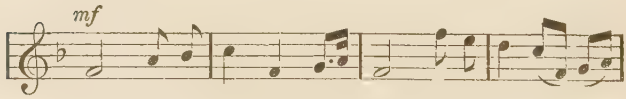
Thou Art Gone From My Gaze

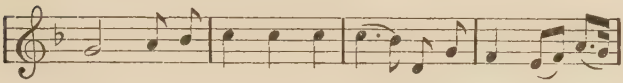
Linley is supposed to have written this song under the tragic inspiration of his daughter's death. Miss Linley was Richard Brinsley Sheridan's wife and her beauty has become traditional.

Words by THOMAS LINLEY.

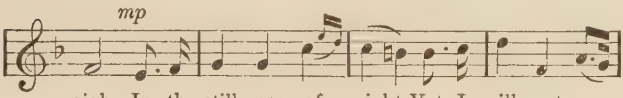




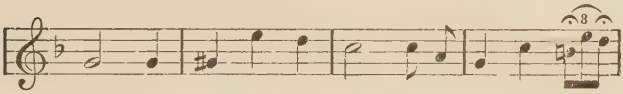




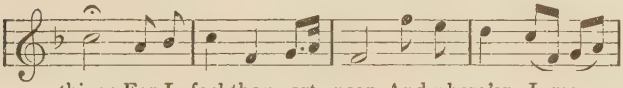
by, But thy sweet voice is mute to my bo - som's lone



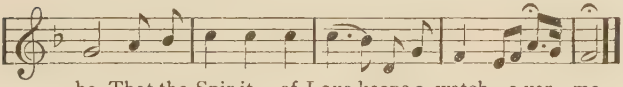
sigh. In the still-ness of night Yet I will not re-



pine, Ere long we shall meet in the home that 's now



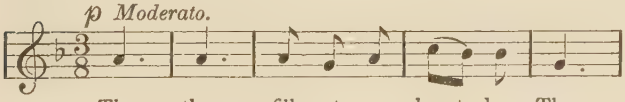
thine; For I feel thou art near, And where'er I may



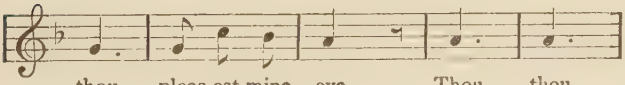
be, That the Spir-it of Love keeps a watch o-ver me.

Thou, Thou Fillest My Heart, Dear

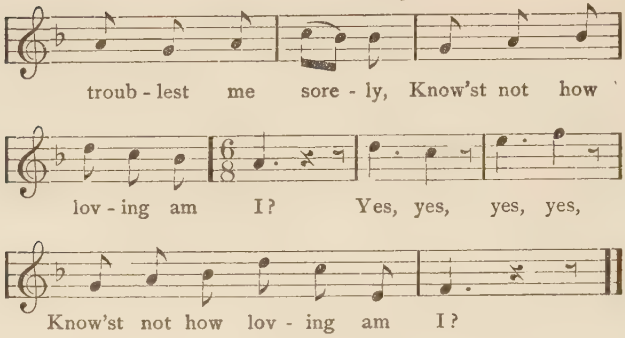
Translator, CHAPMAN. *Folk-Song* (1820).



Thou, thou fill - est my heart, dear, Thou,



thou pleas-est mine eye. Thou, thou,



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So, so, so as I love thee,
So, so, so as I love thee,
All, all tenderest feelings
  Dwell in my fancy for thee.
    Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Dwell in my fancy for thee.

Yet, yet how can I trust thee,
  Thou, thou light-o'-love aye?
Thou, thou trustest me wholly,
  Knowing how loyal am I.
    Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Knowing how loyal am I.

If, if when we are parted,
  Thou this picture shouldst see,
Then, then be broken-hearted,
  Wish we together might be!
    Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Wish we together might be.

To Be Near The Fair Idol

Translated and adapted by THEO. T. BAKER.

Music by SALVATOR ROSA.

To be near the fair I - dol be - lov - ed

Is the sweet-est de - light of the heart!

Is the fond - - - - - - -

tr

- - - - - est, the sweet - est de-

cres.

light of the heart, The fond - - est, de-

light . . . . . of the heart!

To be far from the dear one removèd
Is love's saddest, its painfullest smart!
Is love's saddest, its painfullest, painfullest smart!
Is love's saddest, painfullest smart.

Trippole, Trappole

Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Music *Spanish* (*Neapolitan adoption*).

A egretto.

But - ter - fly white would light . . . here,

O - ver my heart would bite . . . . here;

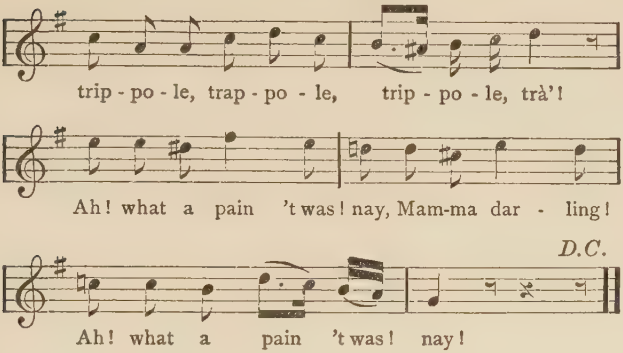
Ah! what a pain 't was! Nay, Mam-ma dar - ling!

Ah! what a pain 't was! nay! Ah! what a pain 't was!

Ah! what a pain 't was! Nay, Mam-ma dar - ling!

Ah! what a pain 't was! nay!

Trip - po - le, trap - po - le, trip - po - le, trap - po - le,



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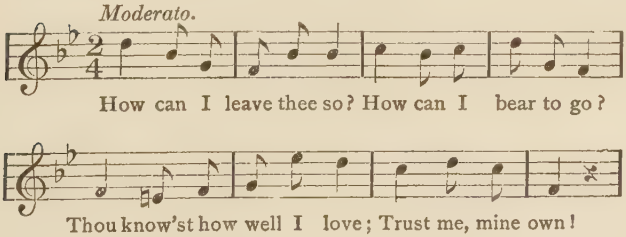
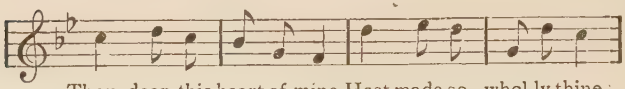
Now I have taken thy heart,
And I will give thee my heart:
Ah! 't will be joyful, eh, Mamma darling?
Ah! 't will be joyful, eh? Ah! 't will be joyful!
Ah! 't will be joyful, eh, Mamma darling?
Ah! 't will be joyful, eh?
Trippole, trappole, *etc.*

True Love

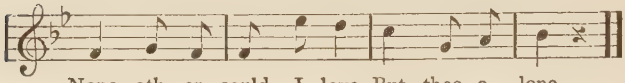
Translator, CHAPMAN.

Modern Folk-song from The Thuringian Forest.





Thou, dear, this heart of mine Hast made so whol-ly thine,



None oth - er could I love But thee a - lone.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Blue is the flower I 've brought,
'T is called For-get-me-not;
Lay this against thy heart,
  And think of me.
Tho' flower and hope should die,
Rich, dear, art thou and I
In love, that on my part
  Deathless shall be.

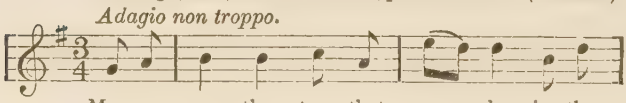
If I a bird could be,
Soon should I come to thee;
Falcon nor hawk I 'd fear,
  To thee I 'd fly.
Fell I, by fowler pressed,
Dying upon thy breast,
Didst thou but shed a tear,
  Gladly I 'd die.

True Love

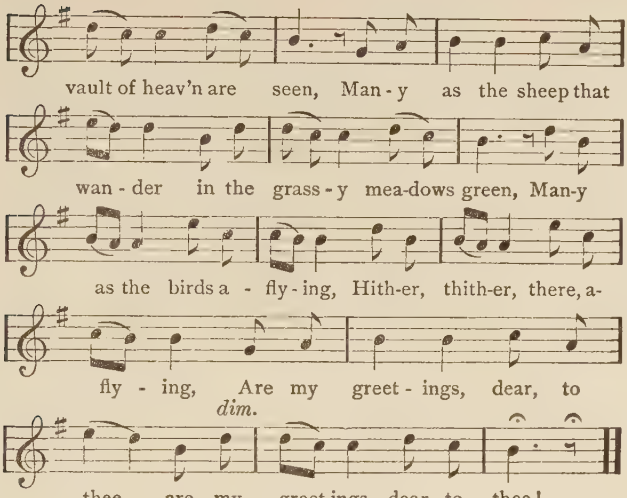
Translator, CHAPMAN.

Folk-song (1808) *Old Folk Tune, published* 1818 (*German*).

Adagio non troppo.



Man - y as the stars that yon - der in the



Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Shall I ne'er again behold thee,
  Now that I indeed must go?
Oh! I cannot, dear, conceive it,
  Ah! the pain of parting so.
Had my love been past and over
Ere I wooed thee as a lover,
||: I were not so sad to-day. :||

Who can tell if long hereafter,
  In this world of grief and pain,
After sorrow, after trouble,
  I shall meet thee, love, again?
'T is as if a flame devoured me,
'T is as if a flood o'erpowered me.
||: Love, I am in agony. :||

Yet with patience I will bear it,
  Ever will I think of thee;
Every morning will I whisper,
  Wilt thou come, my love, to me?
Every evening will I say it,
And with brimming eyes I 'll pray it,
||: Ah, my dear one, think of me. :||

I shall not forget thee, never,
  Though my life should last for aye.
And a-meantime, dear, whenever
  On my death-bed I shall lie,
In the churchyard be my slumbers
Like a child's, whom loving numbers
||: In its cradle rock to sleep. :||

Two Royal Children

Translator, CHAPMAN.

German Folk-song.

Adagio non troppo.

There once were two roy - al chil - dren, Who lov'd one an - oth - er right well; They nev - er could meet one an - oth - er, The riv - er was deep and fell, The riv - er was deep and fell.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Ah! dearest, couldst thou but swim it,
Then swim it across to me.
Three tapers I 'll set burning,
||: To be a guide to thee. :||

A faithless nun o'erheard it,
Who made to be asleep,
And out she put those tapers;
||: The youth was drownèd deep: :||

Then into her arms she took him,
His red lips kissed she then,
And said, "Could these lips but answer,
||: My heart would be whole again." :||

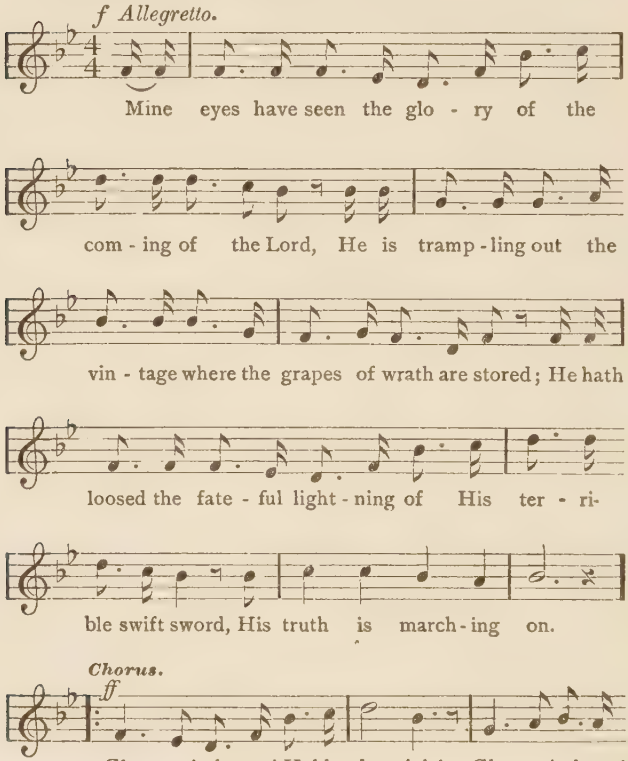
Then round her she flung her mantle
And leaped into the sea.
"Good-bye, my father and mother,
||: Ye 'll ne'er again see me." :||

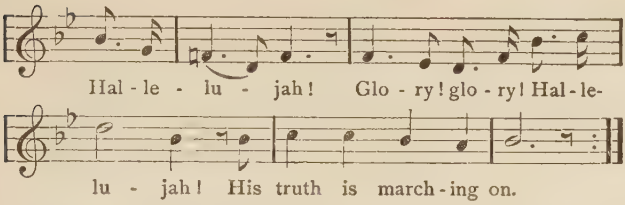
Then bells began a-ringing,
Then was there fear and dread;
Here lie two royal children,
||: And both of them are dead. :||

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

This melody was first used as a Sunday School Hymn in Charleston, S. C., and may have been written by William Steffe in 1856. When the 12th Massachusetts regiment passed through Boston and New York they sang this song, — probably for the sake of its swinging refrain — "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" On the instant the song found national adoption. Since the words written by Julia Ward Howe were given to the melody, the song has been sung by the "military" the world over.

Words by JULIA WARD HOWE.





I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet,
Our God is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

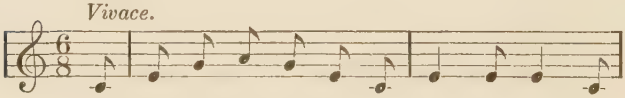
In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me;
As He died to make them holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.
Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

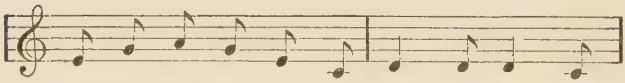
The Campbells Are Comin'

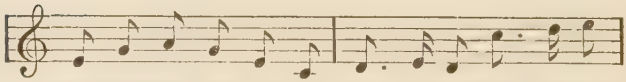
The picturesque story of the part this song played at the Siege of Lucknow may not be true, but it is an interesting story to believe. According to tradition, the besieged people in Lucknow were about to give up. Not only were the men and women starving, but every line of fortification had been taken by the Sepoys, and the besieged were fighting in the last ditch; when Jennie, an old Scotch woman who was in a state of collapse from starvation, suddenly called: "Dinna ye hear the bagpipes? Dinna ye hear the bagpipes? The Campbells are comin'!" Within the hour Colin Campbell marched into Lucknow with his regiment, to the tune of his clan — "The Campbells are comin', Oho! Oho!" and the siege of Lucknow was raised.

Refrain.

Vivace.







FINE. *Verse.*

Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho. Up

on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up -

on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, I

look - it down to bon - nie Loch - le - ven, And

D.C.

saw the perch - es play, play.

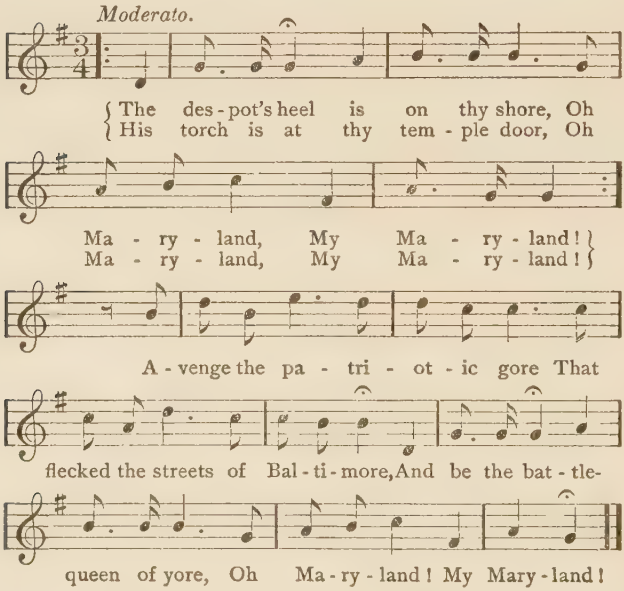
The Great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes his cannons and guns to roar;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, fife, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin'! *etc.*

The Campbells they are a' wi' arms,
Their royal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
The Campbells are comin'! *etc.*

Maryland! My Maryland!

The words were born of the patriotic moment as all such performances are. The author found them in his mind in the night after stirring military news from Maryland had reached him, and they formed themselves to a tune that was wild and fantastic, and which later eluded the author; but the words were pinned to paper and never to be forgotten. The words given here are as they were originally written, and are given under the author's sign and seal. The words of the Fir-Tree belong to the tune as sung by the Germans as a folk tune.

Words by JAMES R. RANDALL.



Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come, with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'rers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear mother, burst the tyrant chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain —
"Sic Semper!" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead nor deaf nor dumb —
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She 'll come!
She 'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

The Fir-Tree

Tune, *Fir-Tree* (1799).

||: O Fir-tree green! O Fir-tree green!
How loyal is thy leafage! :||
Not green alone in summer-time,
But green in winter's snow and rime!
O Fir-tree green! O Fir-tree green!
How loyal is thy leafage!

||: Ah! maid of mine, ah! maid of mine,
How faithless was your passion! :||
You plighted troth in lucky days,
But now I 'm poor, you go your ways!
Ah! maid of mine, ah! maid of mine,
How faithless was your passion!

||: The nightingale, the nightingale,
You took her for your pattern! :||
So long as summer smiles, she 'll stay;
When autumn comes, she flits away!
The nightingale, the nightingale,
You took her for your pattern.

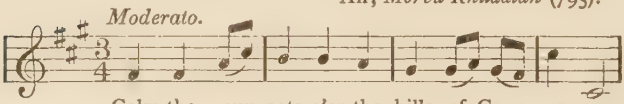
||: The valley stream, the valley stream,
Your fickleness doth mirror; :||
For only when there 's rain it flows;
In droughts its springs will quickly close!
The valley stream, the valley stream
Your fickleness doth mirror.

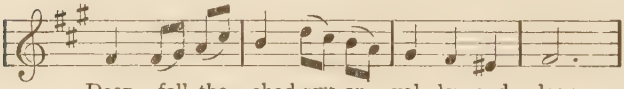
Morva Rhuddlan

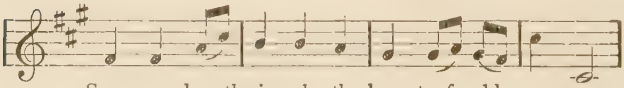
This song is supposed to have been composed by King Caradoc's court minstrel immediately after the battle recounted in the text. It is the oldest Welsh melody known.

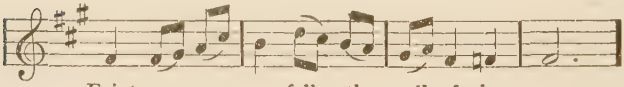
Words by IENAN GLAN GEIRIONNYDD.

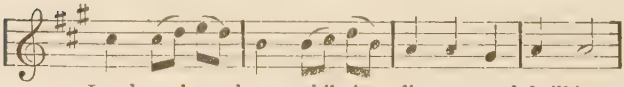
Air, *Morva Rhuddlan* (795).

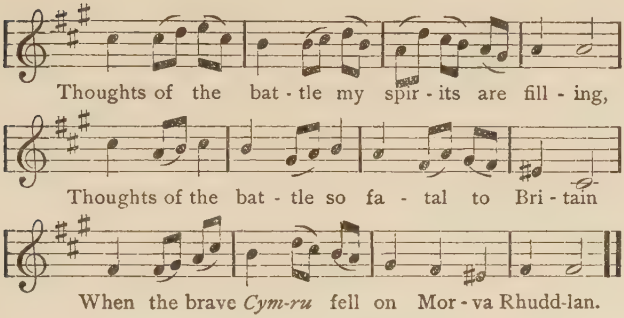












Dim through the glooming I see the broad targes,
  Weapons I hear, as they clash on the shield;
Arrows fly hissing, and oft-renewed charges
  Thunder, and shake the blood-cover'd field;
Higher than all, o'er the cries of the wounded,
Proudly the voice of Caradoc resounded,
"Down with the foeman, fight bravely for Britain,
Or the moon see us cold on the Morva Rhuddlan."

See, the bold hearts of the Britons are heaving,
  Red like their swords, seem their eyeballs to glow;
See, the strong arm a wide passage is cleaving
  Right through the faltering ranks of the foe;
Rises the voice of all *Cymru* to heaven, —
"Now in our anguish let succour be given;
Send O our Lord, send down comfort to Britain,
Give success to our host in Morva Rhuddlan."

Swift through my soul darts a feeling of horror,
  Hark! the proud enemy shouts o'er his prey;
But oh! rejoice not, or boast of thy valor,
  Numbers, not courage, have conquered to-day!

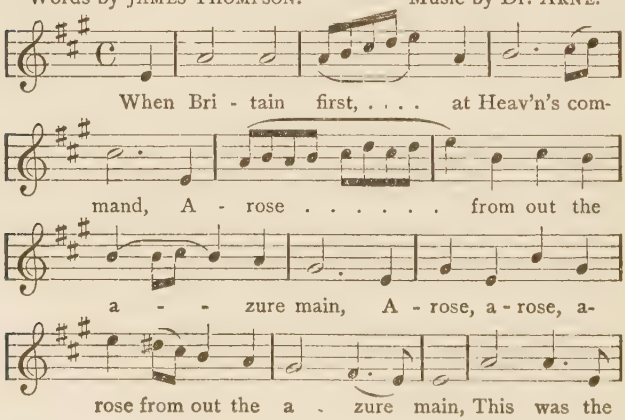
There, at their thresholds stand wailing in sorrow
Sires, wives and children—and fear for the morrow.
All to the crags and the mountains of Arvon
Will fly from the slaughter of Morva Rhuddlan.

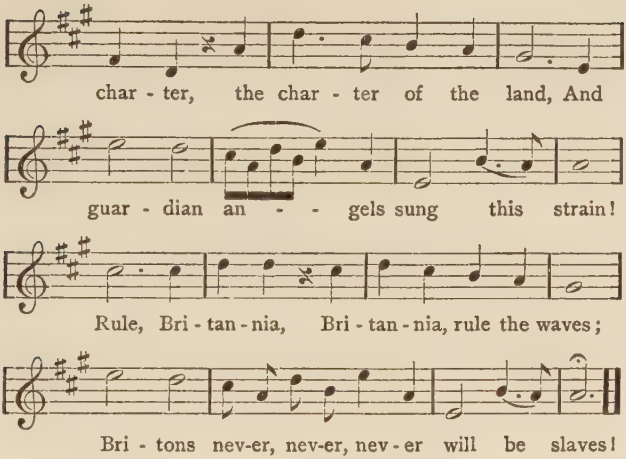
Cries of defeat arise, dismal and dreary,
  Wildest lament fills the valley and plain:
Shout echo'd forth from the cliffs of Eryri
  Tells how the Cymric heart bleeds for the slain.
Terror, the court of Caradoc, oppresses,
Loss of the chieftain all *Cymru* distresses;
Then strikes the Bard his deep harp-strings of Arvon,
And tunes the air plaintive—"Old Morva Rhuddlan."

Rule, Britannia

Written in 1740, and Händel used the air in "Occasional Oratorios" in 1746. Southey said of it, "The political hymn of this country [England] as long as she maintains her political power."

Words by JAMES THOMPSON. Music by Dr. ARNE.





The nations not so blest as thee,
||: Must in their turn to tyrants fall; :||
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, *etc.*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
||: More dreadful from each foreign stroke; :||
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, *etc.*

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
||: All their attempts to bend thee down :||
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work thy woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, *etc.*

To thee belongs the rural reign;
||: Thy cities shall with commerce shine; :||
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.
Rule Britannia, *etc.*

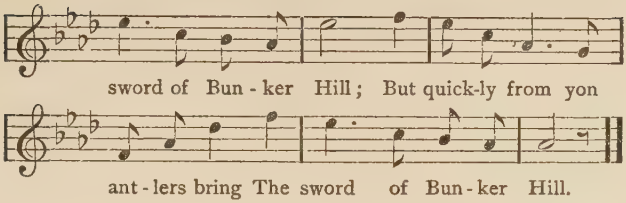
The Muses, still with freedom found,
||: Shall to thy happy court repair; :||
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, *etc.*

The Sword Of Bunker Hill

Words by Wm. R. Wallace. Music by Bernard Covert.

Con expressione.

He lay up - on his dy - ing bed, His eye was grow-ing dim, When with a fee - ble voice he called His weep-ing son to him: "Weep not, my boy!" the vet'-ran said, "I bow to heav'n's high *f* will; But quick - ly from yon ant-lers bring The



The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
  Lit up with sudden flame;
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
  He murmured Warren's name;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
  But what is richer still,
I leave you — mark me, mark me now —
  The sword of Bunker Hill;
I leave you — mark me, mark me now —
  The sword of Bunker Hill.

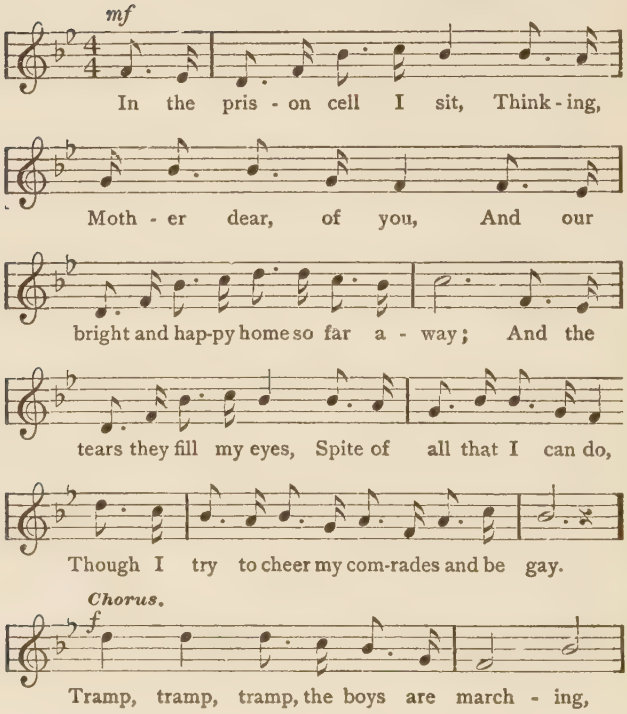
"'T was on that dread immortal day,
  I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised this blade on me, —
  I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
  It lightened freedom's will,
For, boy, the God of Freedom bless'd
  The sword of Bunker Hill.
For, boy, the God of Freedom bless'd
  The sword of Bunker Hill.

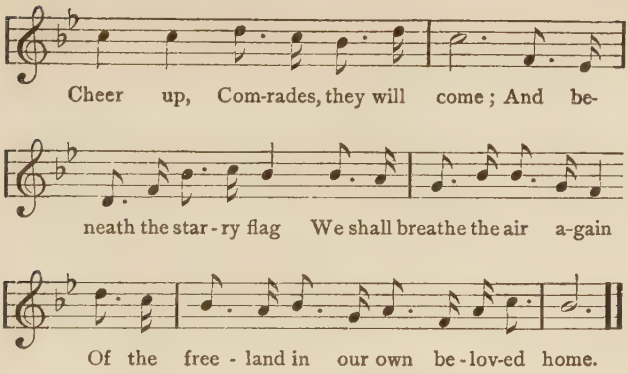
"Oh, keep the sword!" his accents broke —
  A smile — and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
  Upon that dying bed.

The son remains, the sword remains,
  Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire,
  And sword of Bunker Hill.
And twenty millions bless the sire,
  And sword of Bunker Hill.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

GEORGE F. ROOT.





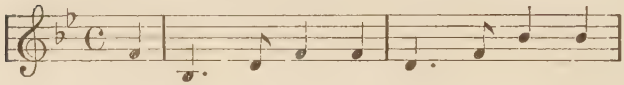
In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.
    Tramp, tramp, tramp, *etc.*

So within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
    Tramp, tramp, tramp, *etc.*

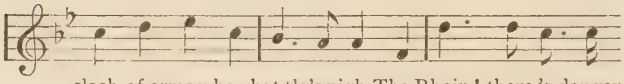
Die Wacht am Rhein

MAX SCHNEKENBURGER. CARL WILHELM (1854).

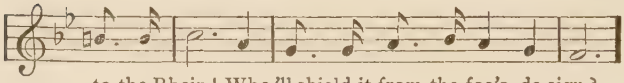
Translation by LADY NATALIE MACFARREN.



Like gather - ing thun - der spreads a cry, Like

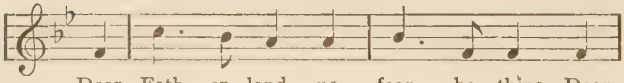


clash of arms when bat-tle's nigh, The Rhein! there 's danger

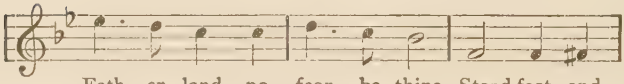


to the Rhein! Who 'll shield it from the foe's de-sign?

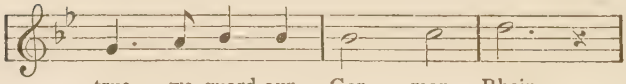
Chorus.



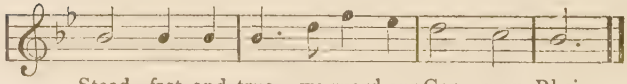
Dear Fath - er - land, no fear be thine, Dear



Fath - er land, no fear be thine, Stead-fast and



true, we guard our Ger - man Rhein.



Stead - fast and true, we guard our Ger - man Rhein.

The tidings flash through million hearts,
From million flaming eyes it darts;
Our valiant sons in danger strong
Will guard our hallowed stream from wrong.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

What though the foe my life should quench,
I know thy wave will ne'er be French;
And ample as thy tide of blue,
The living stream of heroes true.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

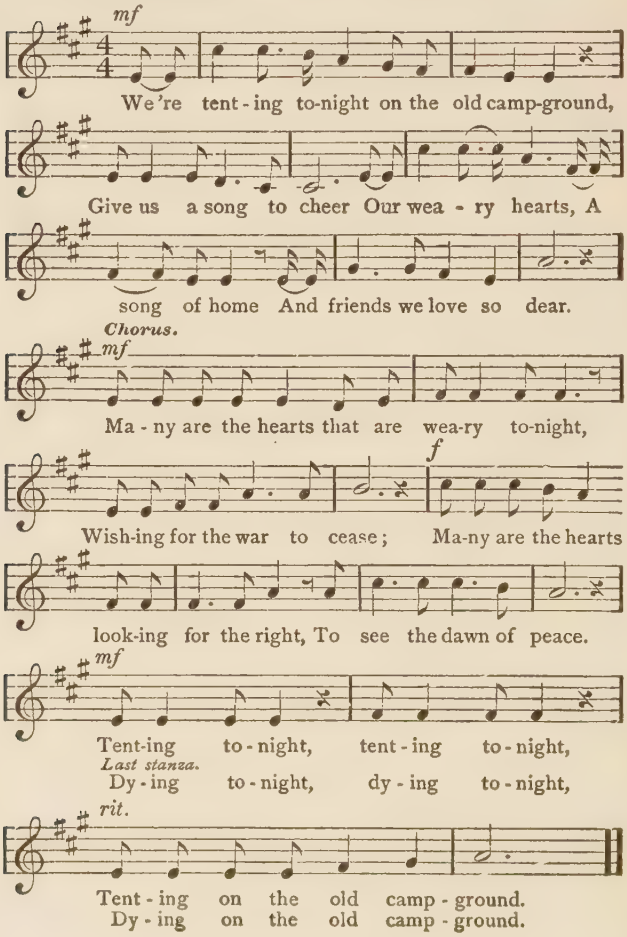
The shades of heroes past and gone
Upon our deeds are looking down;
By home and fatherland we swear
The foemen from thy banks to scare.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

While through my veins the life is poured,
As long as I can hold a sword,
No stranger shall our land despoil,
No foeman desecrate our soil.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

Proclaim the vow from shore to shore,
Let banners wave and cannons roar,
The Rhein! the lovely German Rhein,
To keep it Germans all combine.
||: Dear Fatherland, all fear resign, :||
: Stout hearts and true will keep watch on
the Rhein. :||

We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE.



We 've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
  Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
  And the tear that said "good-bye"!
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We are weary of war on the old camp-ground,
  Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who have left their homes,
  Others wounded long.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We 've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,
  Many are lying near;
Some are dead — and dying are some,
  Many a one in tears.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

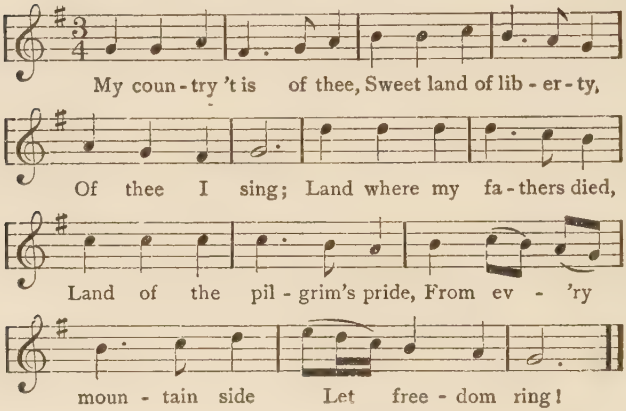
America

The prompter of the Drury Lane theatre told the following story in his Memoirs, and the anecdote is quoted from Baring-Gould's *English Minstrelsie*. "At Weymouth King George III. was caught in the rain whilst passing the theatre, and for shelter he entered, went into the Royal box, and seating himself in his own chair, fell into a comfortable doze. Elliston, the actor, who was also the manager, went into the theatre, and seeing a man asleep in the Royal box, entered it with the intention of kicking him out. However, he recognized the King. The theatre had to be got ready for an approaching representation. What was to be done? Elliston hit on the following expedient; taking up a violin from the orchestra he stepped into the pit, and placing himself just beneath his exalted guest, struck up the National Anthem. The Royal sleeper unclosed his eyes, started up, and staring at the comedian exclaimed: 'Hey, hey! What, what! Oh, I see, Elliston! Ha, ha! rain came on; took a nap! What 's o'clock?' 'Six o'clock, your Majesty.' 'Six o'clock? Ho, ho! send to her Majesty, tell her to bring my best wig. Don't keep the people waiting. Light up! I 'll stay.'" This account being contemporaneous with King George's reign, it is doubtless founded upon something of fact, since it would so obviously have been refuted by some one, had there been no basis of fact for the anecdote. This has been the National Hymn of sev-

eral countries — England,* America, Prussia, and others. The authorship has never been satisfactorily settled, but the strongest claim is that of Henry Carey. It was written sometime between 1736 and 1740. Several sets of words are appended, also the best fugitive stanza. The author of the American words was celebrated delightfully by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote:

> "And there 's a nice fellow of excellent pith, —
> Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
> But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
> Just read on his medal, 'My country, of thee!'"

Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.



Let music swell the breeze,
And ring among the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

* Of the popular words to the English hymn, Gilbert wrote:

> "Like the Banbury Lady, whom every one knows,
> He 's [The Briton] cursed with its music where'er he goes.
> Though its words but imperfectly rhyme,
> And the devil himself could n't scan them,
> With composure polite, he endures day and night
> That illiterate National Anthem."

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
  To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

God Save The King

(Original Verses)

God save our Lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
  God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
  God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
  And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hearts we fix,
  God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
  Long may he reign;

May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
  God save the King.

FUGITIVE STANZA

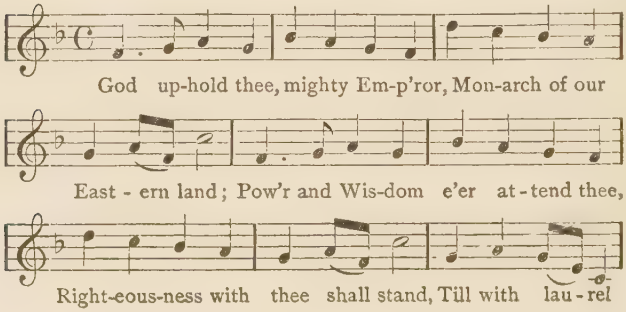
(*Longfellow*)

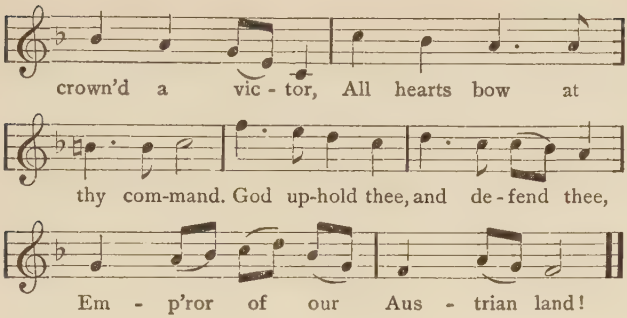
Lord, let war's tempests cease,
Fold the whole world in peace
  Under thy wings.
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
  Great King of Kings.

Austrian Hymn

On May 26, 1809, Haydn was carried by his servants from his bed to his piano and for the last time played the hymn. Five days later he was dead.

Words, LAURENZ LEOPOLD HASCHKA. Music, JOSEPH HAYDN.





Happy, flow'ry land! His sceptre
  Rules o'er valley, mount and plain;
Mildly, calmly, justly ruleth,
  He, the people's love would gain.
Yet his weapon'd might, in splendor,
  Beams through all the land amain.
God uphold thee, warrior, Father,
  Monarch of our Austrian land.

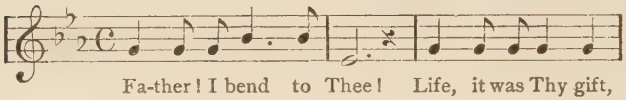
He delights the poor to cherish,
  He awakes the minstrel's lay;
He would not that any perish,
  All admire the gentle sway.
"Heaven reward him, God defend him,"
  Thus we sing, and thus we pray.
Emp'ror, Monarch, Father, Kaiser,
  All thy peaceful rule obey!

He from bondage will deliver,
  He would make us truly free;
In the German heart shall ever
  He the brightest mem'ry be,

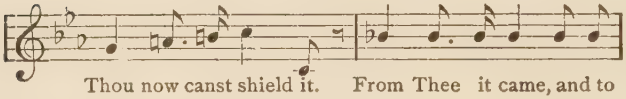
Till in other worlds, a welcome
Meets in blest eternity.
God defend thee, God attend thee,
Emp'ror Franz, all hail to thee!

The Battle Prayer

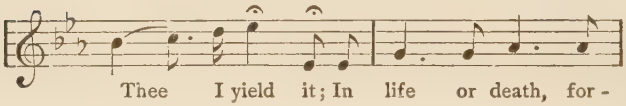
Words by WALTER MAURIE. Music by HIMMEL.



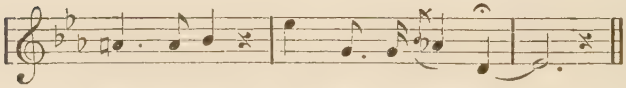
Fa-ther! I bend to Thee! Life, it was Thy gift,



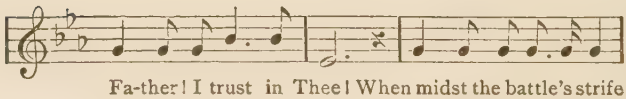
Thou now canst shield it. From Thee it came, and to



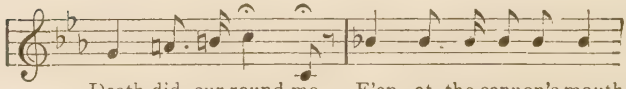
Thee I yield it; In life or death, for-



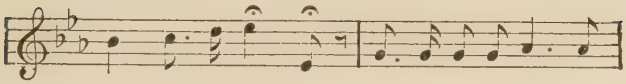
sake not me; Fa - ther, I bend to Thee.



Fa-ther! I trust in Thee! When midst the battle's strife

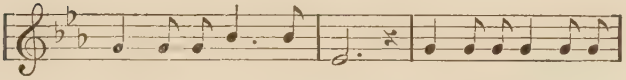


Death did sur-round me, E'en at the cannon's mouth

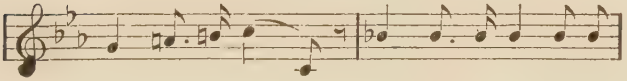


Death hath not found me. Father 't was Thy will! I

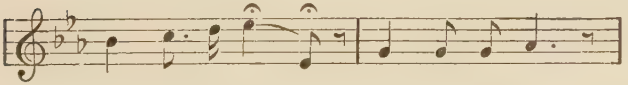
trust in Thee; Fa - ther, still guide Thou me.



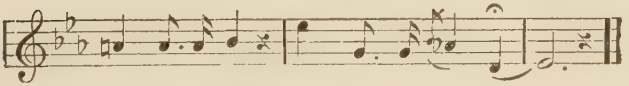
All I give back to thee! When at Thy call, I my



life then shall yield, When in the cold tomb My



fate shall be seal'd, Fa - ther! my soul



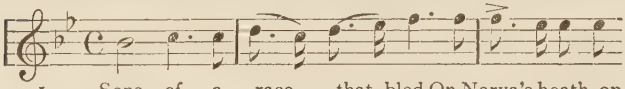
Take un-to Thee! Fa - ther, for-sake not me.

Finnish Hymn

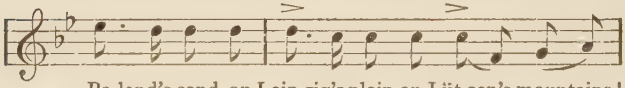
(Björneborgarne's March)

This song is the Marseillaise of Finland. To sing it has meant banishment to Siberia for men and women, and even little children have not escaped punishment for the unthinking utterance of this air.

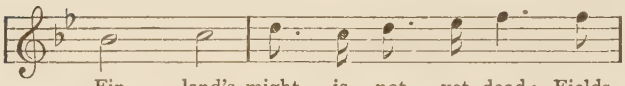
Words and music arranged by the Rev. HOBART B. WHITNEY.



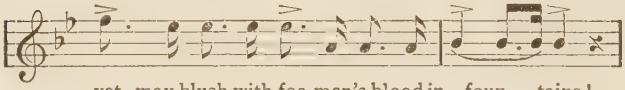
1. Sons of a race that bled On Narva's heath, on
2. Glorious the star that lights our way, And sharp our steel for



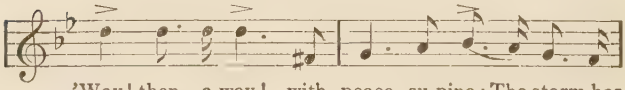
Po-land's sand, on Leip-zig's plain, on Lüt-zen's mountains!
blood - y strife, the stern de-mand of du - ty!



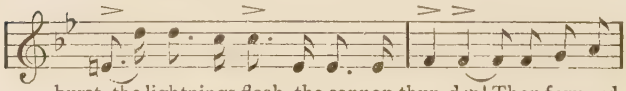
Fin - land's might is not yet dead; Fields
For - ward! bold - ly to the fray; Our



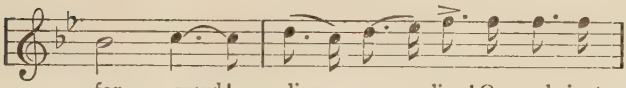
yet may blush with foe-men's blood in foun - tains!
an-cient free-dom's path-way glows in beau - ty!

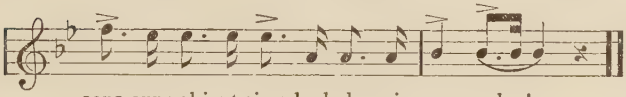


'Way! then, a-way! with peace su-pine; The storm has
Wave high, thou old vic - tor - ious flag, — Torn with



burst, the lightnings flash, the cannon thun-der! Then forward,
strife from the dim and hoar - y a - ges! On, comrades,

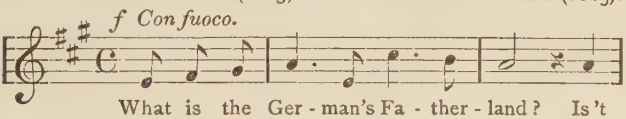


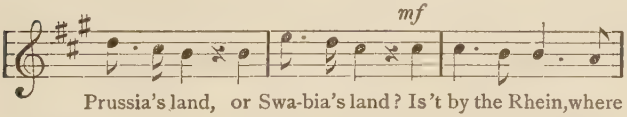


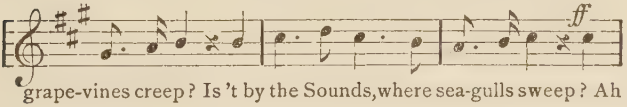
The German's Fatherland

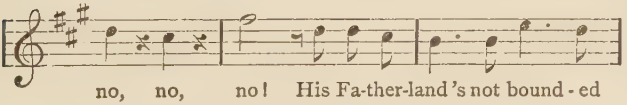
(Des Deutschen Vaterland)

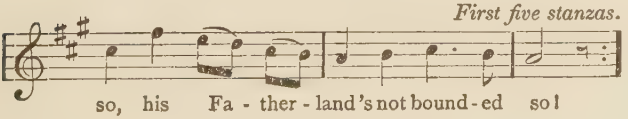
ERNST MORITZ ARNDT (1813). GUSTAV REICHARDT (1825).

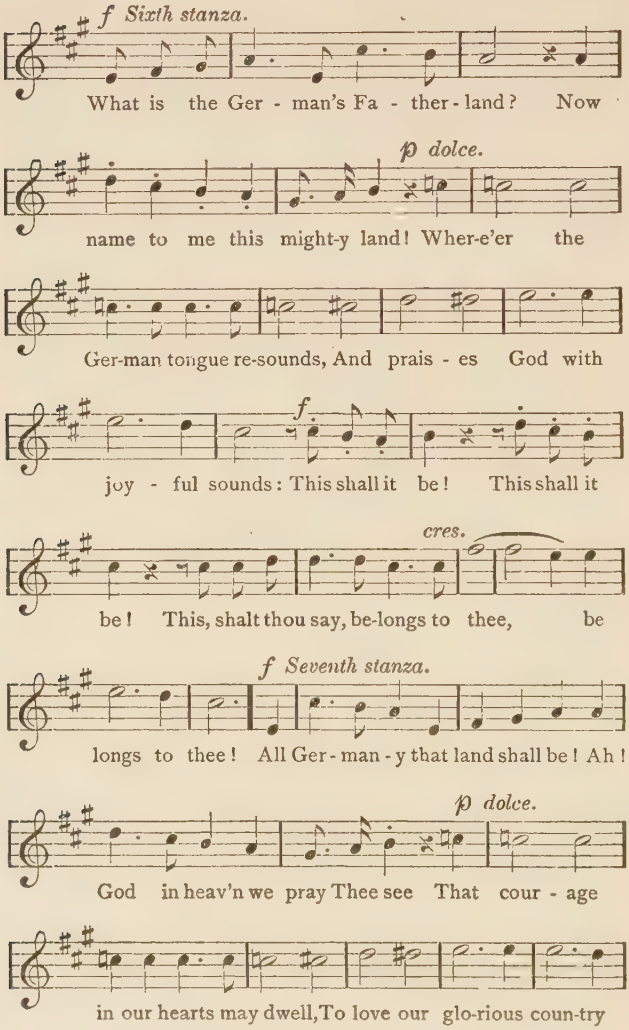


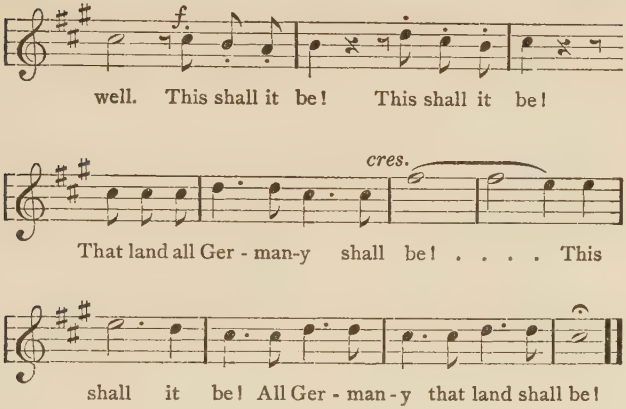









f Sixth stanza.
What is the Ger - man's Fa - ther - land? Now
p dolce.
name to me this might-y land! Wher-e'er the
Ger-man tongue re-sounds, And prais - es God with
f
joy - ful sounds: This shall it be! This shall it
cres.
be! This, shalt thou say, be-longs to thee, be
f Seventh stanza.
longs to thee! All Ger - man - y that land shall be! Ah!
p dolce.
God in heav'n we pray Thee see That cour - age
in our hearts may dwell, To love our glo-rious coun-try



What is the German's Fatherland?
Bavaria or Styria?
Is it the north, in marshes drowned?
Is it the southern hunting-ground?
Ah, no, *etc.*

What is the German's Fatherland?
Westphalia or Switzerland?
Where o'er the downs the north wind blows,
Or where the rushing Danube flows?
Ah, no, *etc.*

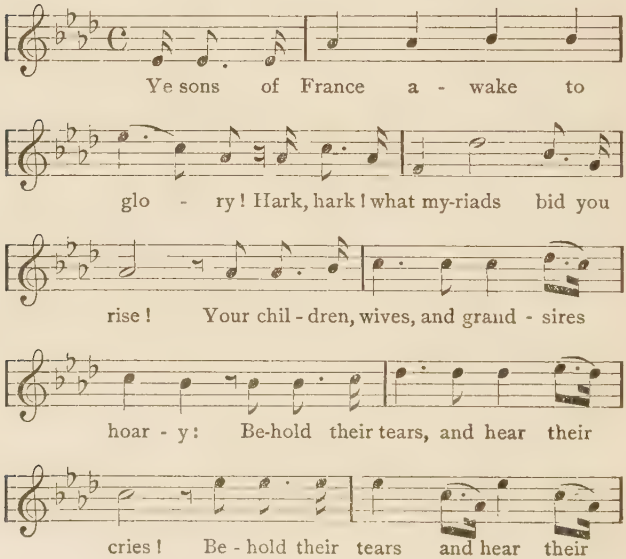
What is the German's Fatherland?
Describe to me this mighty land.
Is it where folk of Tyrol dwell?
The place and people pleased me well.
But no, *etc.*

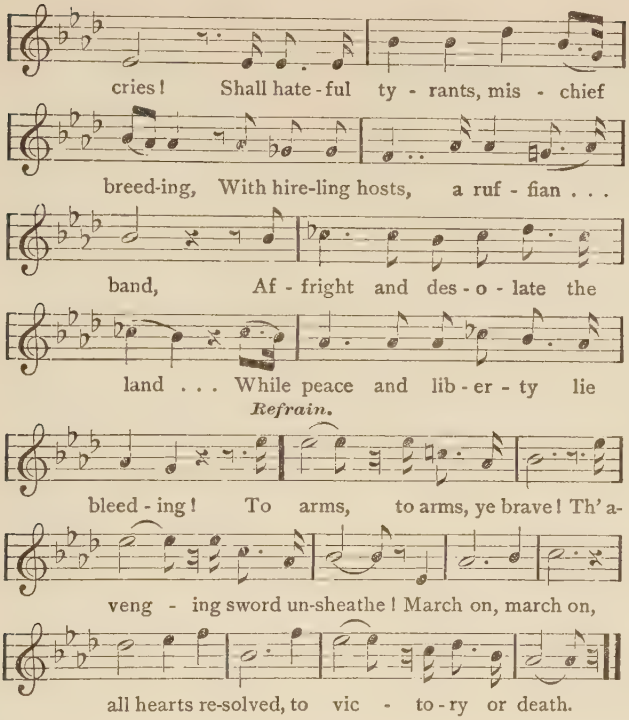
What is the German's Fatherland?
Come, tell me. What 's this mighty land?
Why, Austria 't will surely be,
Renowned in war for victory.
Ah, no, *etc.*

La Marseillaise

De Lisle's mother was profoundly Royalist, and not knowing that her son had composed this incendiary song she demanded upon hearing it: "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which these brigands sing?" De Lisle, himself, when menaced in the Jura mountains whither he had fled as a proscribed Royalist, heard his song and asked his guide what it was called. It was in these circumstances and for the first time that he learned his song had become famous as the Marseillaise hymn.

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE (1792).





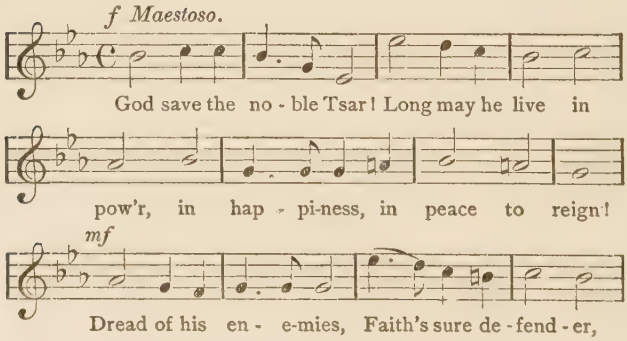
Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
  Which treacherous Kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
||: And lo! our fields and cities blaze; :||
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
  Ref. To arms, to arms, ye brave! *etc.*

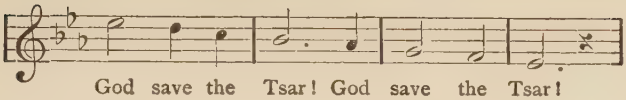
With luxury and pride surrounded,
  The vile, insensate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
||: To mete and vend the light and air; :||
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?
  Ref. To arms, to arms, ye brave! *etc.*

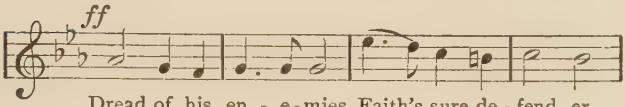
Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee!
  Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeon, bars and bolts confine thee,
||: Or whips thy noble spirit tame? :||
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
  Ref. To arms, to arms, ye brave! *etc.*

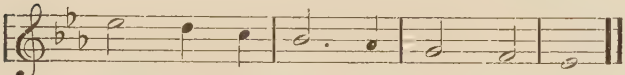
Russian Hymn

A. T. Lvoff.



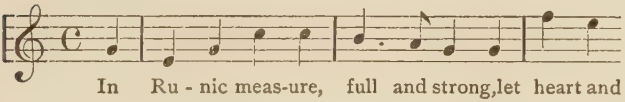


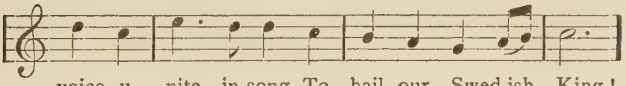


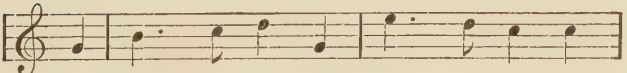


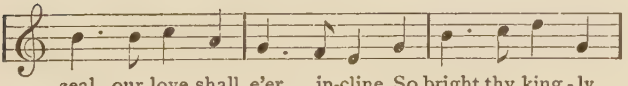
Swedish Hymn

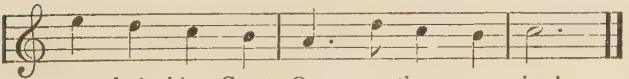
O. Lindblad.











Oh, King! enthroned in majesty,
Let thine the truest glory be,
  For Sweden's weal to reign.
Then Heav'n thy empire shall assure,
Who shields the state, and guards the poor,
Full long in power shall he endure,
  And foes assault in vain.

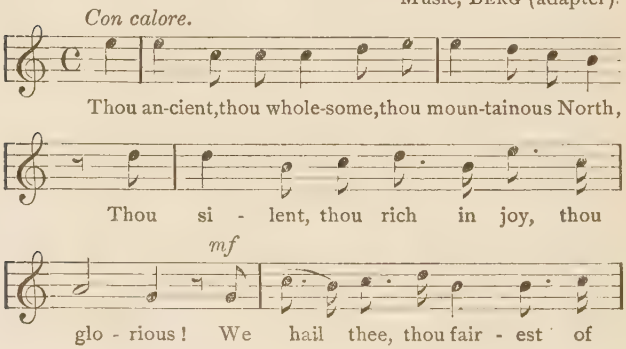
Let heavenly favor now descend,
Our monarch's glorious course attend,
  And bless the Northern land.
As when in hero days of yore
Our fathers fought on yonder shore,
Or, conquering, sailed the dark seas o'er
  To many a distant strand.

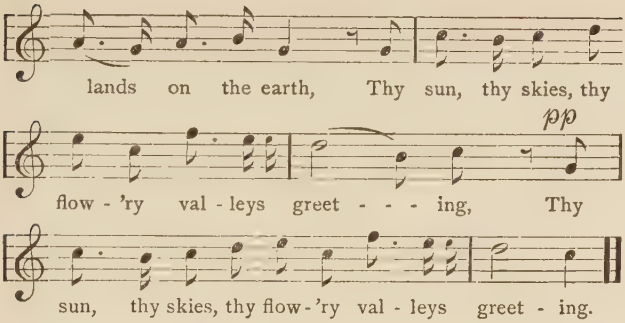
Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North

(Du gamla, du friska, du fjellhöga Nord)

Words (translation), VELMA SWANSTON.

Music, BERG (adapter).

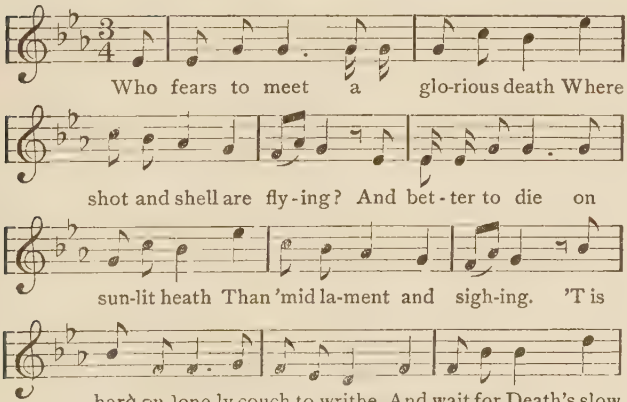


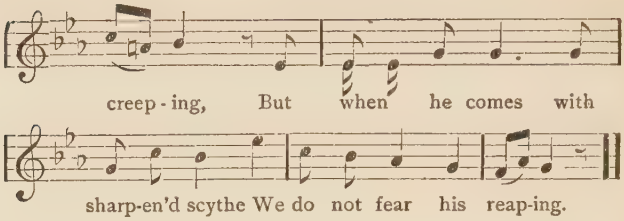


Thou ling'rest in mem'ry from former great days,
When honored thy name o'er earth resounded:
I know that thou art, and wilt be what thou wert.
||: Ah! I would live, yes, I would die in the Northland! :||

Battle-Song

SILCHER.



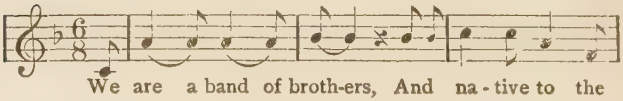


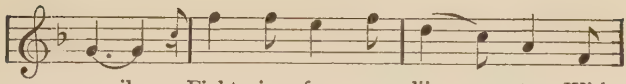
How gladly many a hero bold
  From home and friends has parted,
And where the cannon's thunder rolled
  Laid down his life true-hearted.
Who fears to meet a glorious death
  Where shot and shell are flying,
And better to die on sunlit heath,
  Than 'mid lament and sighing.

And when at close of fatal day,
  With martial colors flying,
The soldier in his grave they lay,
  His meed is fame undying.
Who fears to meet a glorious death
  Where shot and shell are flying,
And better to die on sunlit heath,
  Than 'mid lament and sighing.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

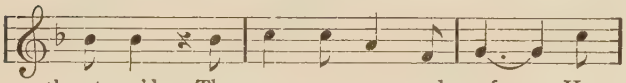
Words by Mrs. ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM. Music, *Irish Melody* composed or adapted by HENRY MACARTHY (1862).



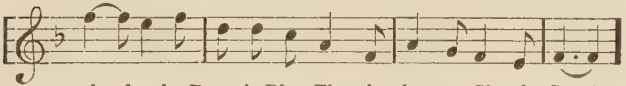


soil, Fight - ing for our lib - er - ty, With

treas - ure, blood and toil; And when our rights were



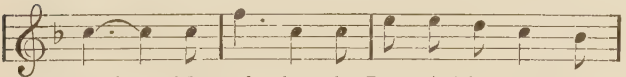
threat - en'd The cry rose near and far, Hur -



rah for the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin-gle Star!

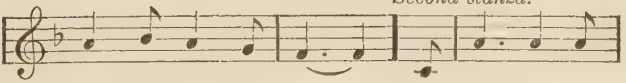
Chorus.

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for South-ern Rights, Hur-

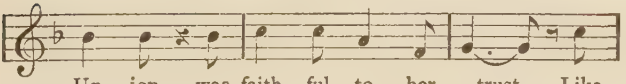


rah! Hur-rah for the Bon-nie Blue Flag that

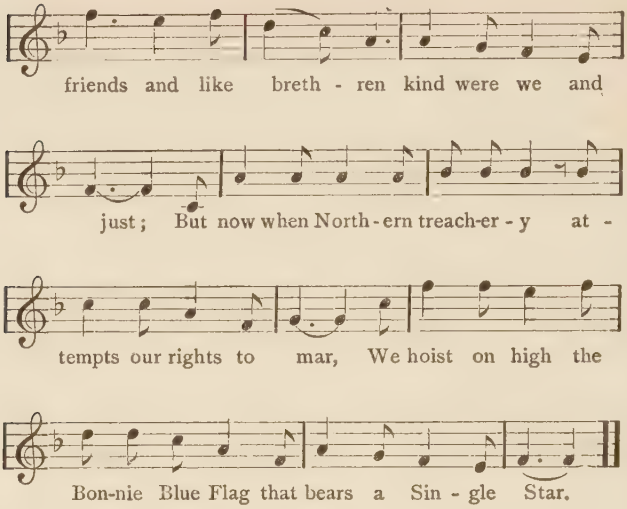
Second stanza.



bears a Sin - gle Star! As long as the



Un - ion was faith - ful to her trust, Like



First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears
a Single Star.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the
Right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, States-
man rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears
a Single Star.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

And here 's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion
State
With the young Confederacy at length has link'd
her fate;
Impell'd by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a
Single Star.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

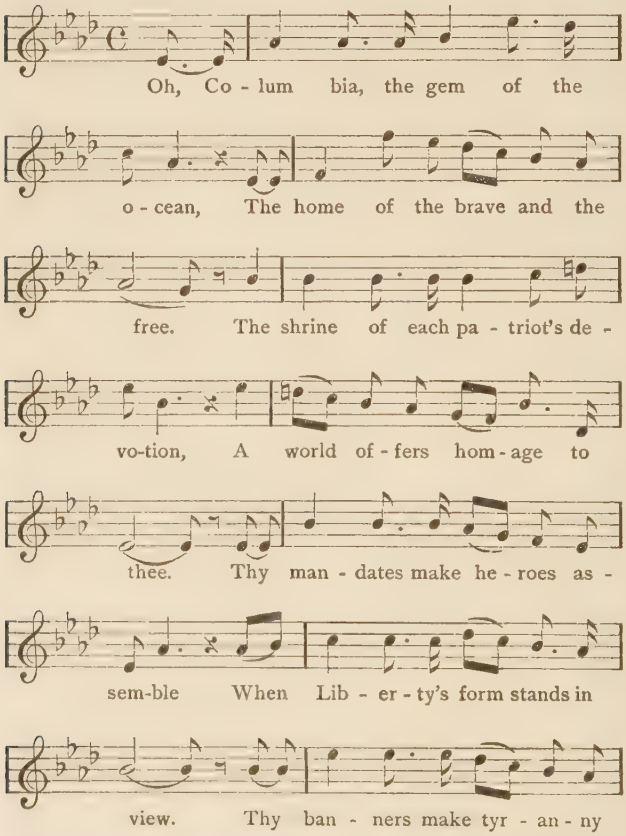
Then cheer, boys, cheer, and raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both
gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be
given,
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown
to be eleven.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

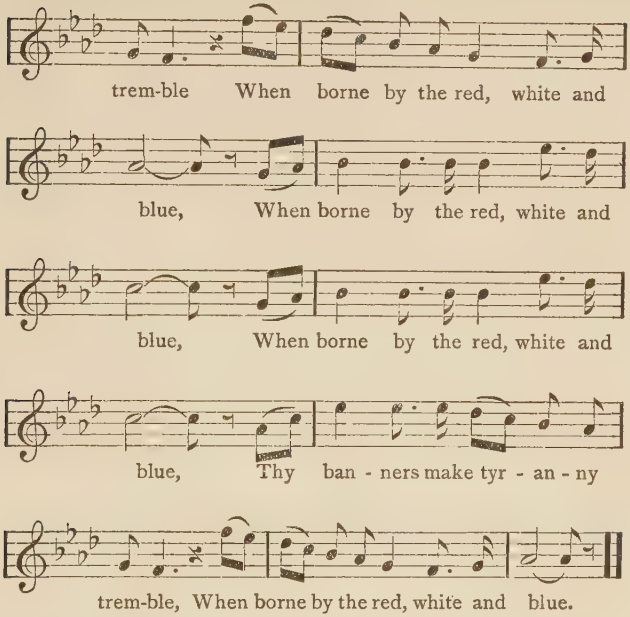
Then here 's to our Confederacy, strong we are and
brave,
Like patriots of old, we 'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would
prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a
Single Star.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gain'd th'
Eleventh Star.

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

Timothy Dwight was an ancestor of the famous president of Yale College. Timothy Dwight went to the war, and afterwards himself became president of Yale. He died in 1817.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.





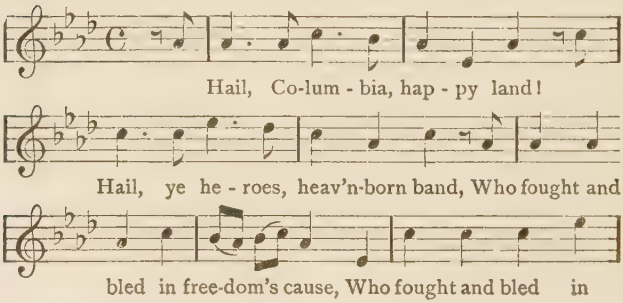
When war wing'd its wide desolation,
  And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation
  Columbia rode safe through the storm;
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
  When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
  The boast of the red, white and blue.
    The boast of the red, white and blue!
    The boast of the red, white and blue!
    With her flag proudly floating before her,
    The boast of the red, white and blue!

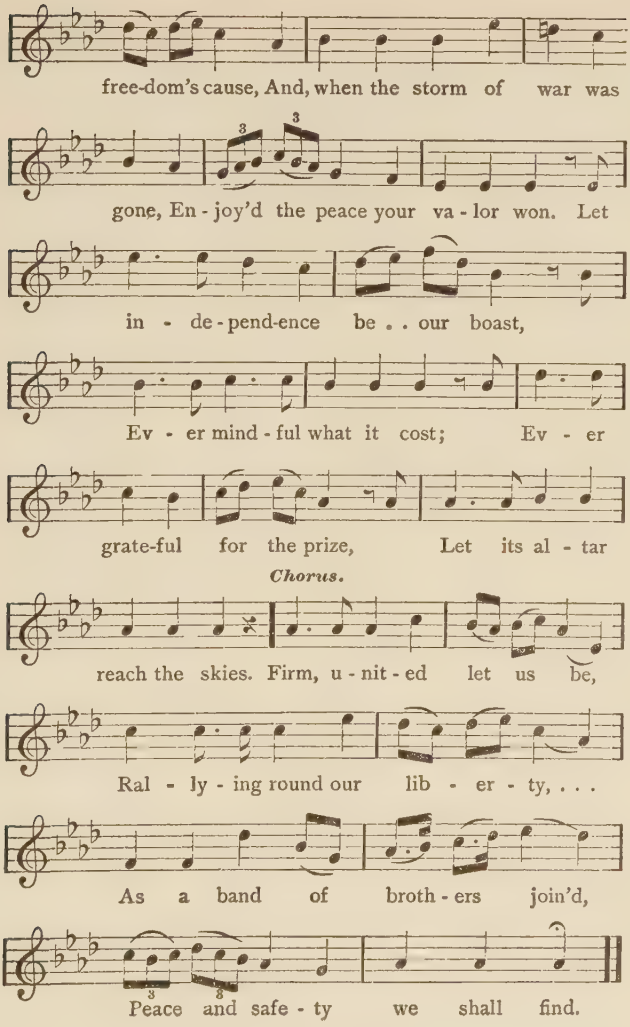
The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

Hail, Columbia

Fitz-Gerald announces in his "Stories of Famous Songs" that these words were written for an actor named Fox in 1798, the music being written in 1788 and called the "President's March." He says that the music was written for the occasion of the visit of President George Washington to the John Street Theatre in New York. This makes pretty reading, but as a matter of fact there was no president of the United States in 1788. We had no president till a year later. Between the adjournment of the Constitutional Convention in 1787 and Washington's inauguration on April 30, 1789, Washington was at no time north of the Potomac. This "President's March" was most likely composed a year later than Fitz-Gerald places it, — and for Washington's inauguration.

Words by JOSEPH HOPKINSON. Music by FYLES.




free-dom's cause, And, when the storm of war was
gone, En - joy'd the peace your va - lor won. Let
in - de - pend-ence be . . our boast,
Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; Ev - er
grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar
Chorus.
reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be,
Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty, . . .
As a band of broth - ers join'd,
Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize,
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, let us be, *etc.*

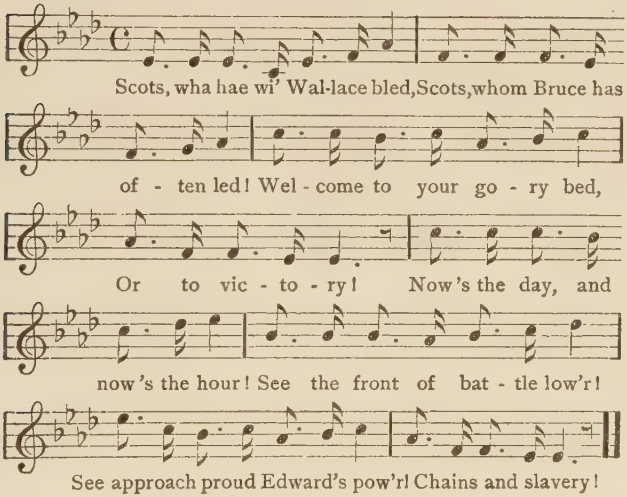
Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you.
When hope is sinking in dismay,
When glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolv'd on death or liberty.
Firm, united, let us be, *etc.*

Scots Wha Hae

(Scotch National Hymn)

Air has been traced back to a date as early as 1512. It was then sung as *Now the Day Dawis.* Burns probably wrote the words after a thunderstorm in August of 1793. He sprung it on his friend, John Syme, with whom Burns was walking in the rain, and ostensibly it was an impromptu performance. But this habit of Burns was misleading, and doubtless the words had been fully conceived and well polished long before that rainy-day walk.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.



Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will freely draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

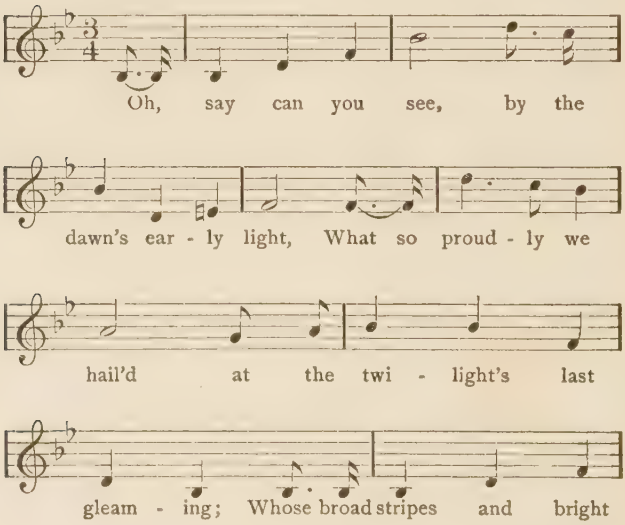
By oppressions, woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe,
Liberty 's in ev'ry blow,
Let us do, or die!

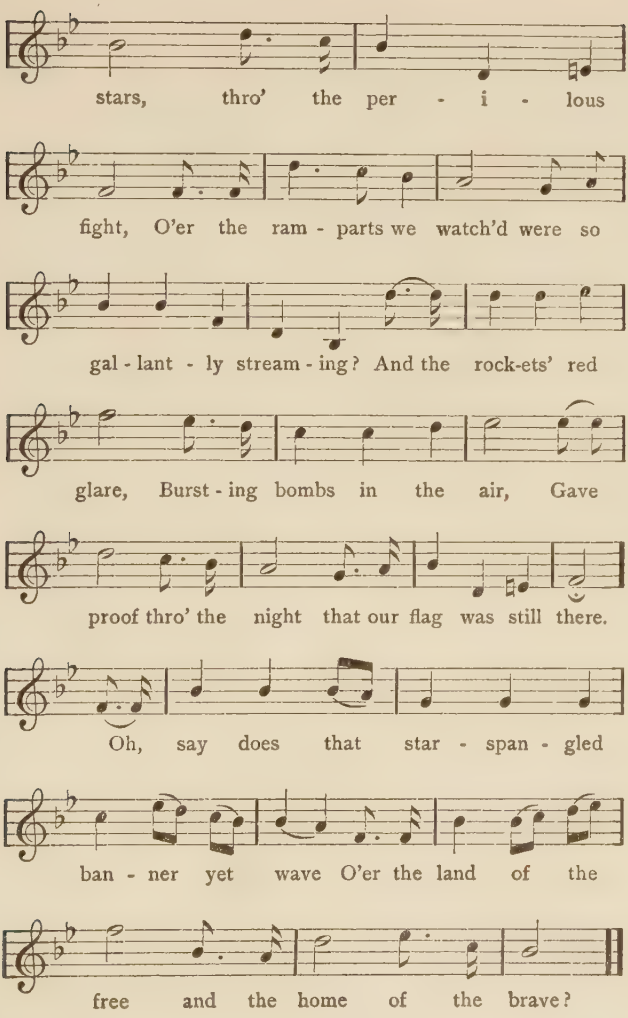
The Star-Spangled Banner

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a tavern near the Holiday St. Theatre in Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. Tune was composed between 1770 and 1775.

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Tune, *Anacreon in Heaven*, by JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.




stars, thro' the per - i - lous
fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so
gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock-ets' red
glare, Burst - ing bombs in the air, Gave
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that star - span - gled
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the
free and the home of the brave?

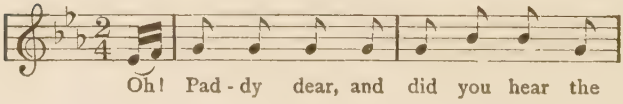
On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream,
'T is the Star-spangled Banner. Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

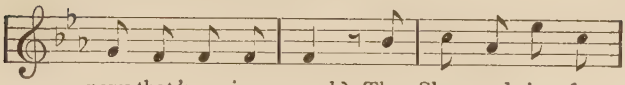
Oh! thus be it ever, when foemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;
Blest with vic'try and peace may the Heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our course is so just,
And this be our motto, — "In God is our trust."
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Wearin' O' The Green

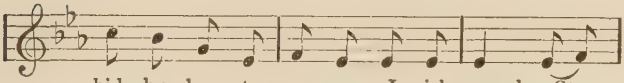
Dion Boucicault introduced this song into the play of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. It created such a sensation in London that parliamentary agitation followed.

DION BOUCICAULT.

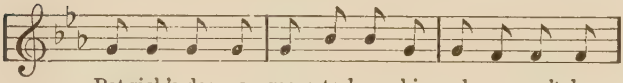




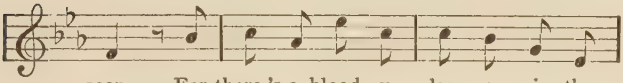
news that 's go - ing round? The Sham-rock is for-



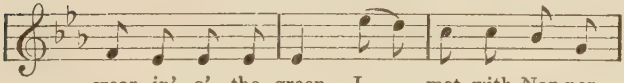
bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; St.



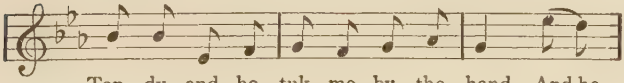
Pat-rick's day no more to keep, his col - or can't be



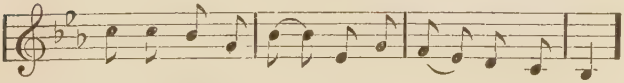
seen, For there 's a blood - y law a - gin the



wear - in' o' the green. I . . . met with Nap-per

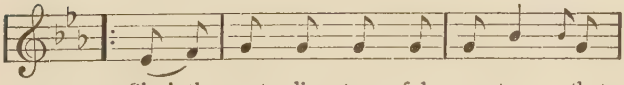


Tan - dy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he

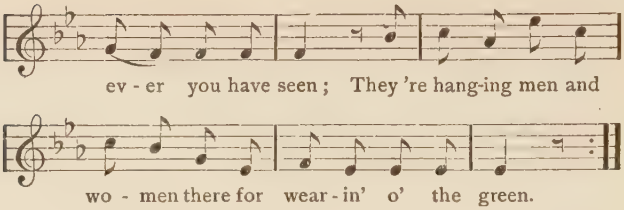


said," How 's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand?"

Chorus.



She 's the most dis - tress - ful coun-try that



Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
But 't will take root and flourish still, though under foot 't is trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summertime their verdure dare not show,

Cho. Then I will change the color I wear in my corbeen;
And till that day, please God, I 'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her Sons with shame and sorrow from the dear ould soil will part;
I 've heard whispers of a country, that lies far beyant the sae,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

Oh! Erin must we leave you, driven by the tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happier land?

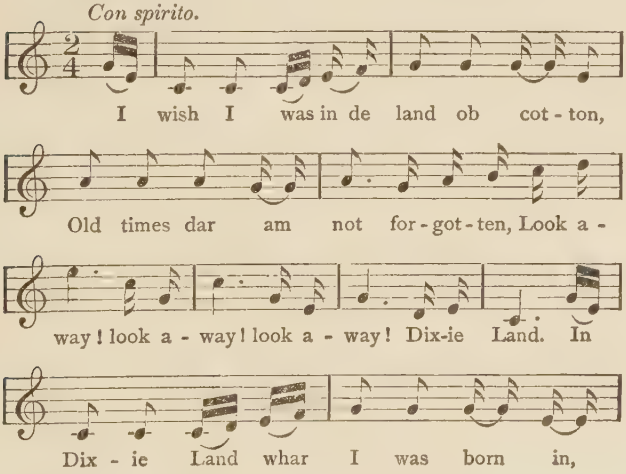
Cho. Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom ne'er shall be seen;
And where, thank God, we 'll live and die still wearin' o' the green.

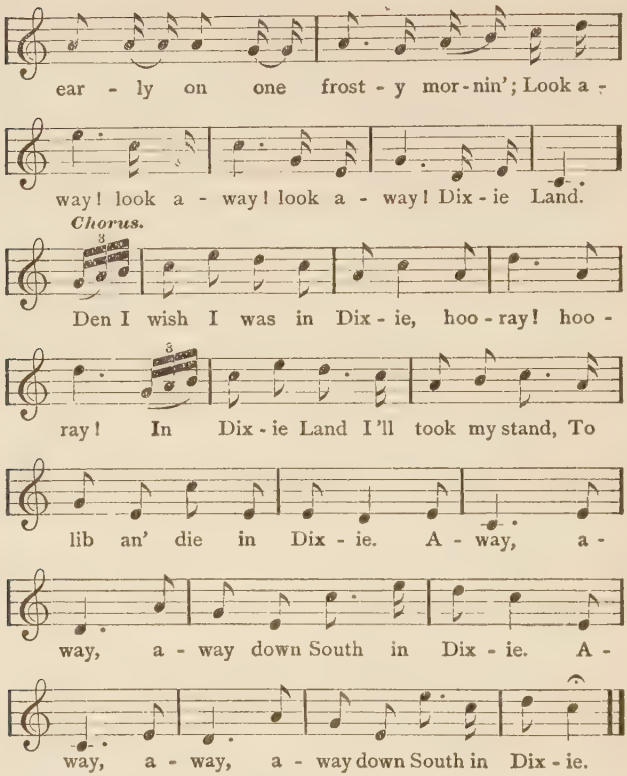
Dixie

This song had a northern origin and was written in 1859 by a member of Bryant's minstrel show. "Mason and Dixon's line" was the verbal inspiration of the song. The composer and author had travelled much with circuses, and when the circuses were showing in the north and cold weather approached, the performers longed for the southern tour to begin; and frequently the circus people would say, "I wish I was in Dixie!" This catch phrase was used in after years by the author of the song. "Dixie" was written for the grand "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels.

Words by DANIEL EMMET.

Con spirito.





Old Missus marry "Will, de weaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber;
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
  Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But that did not seem to greab 'er;
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
Old Missus act de foolish part,
An' died for a man dat broke her heart.
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
  Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

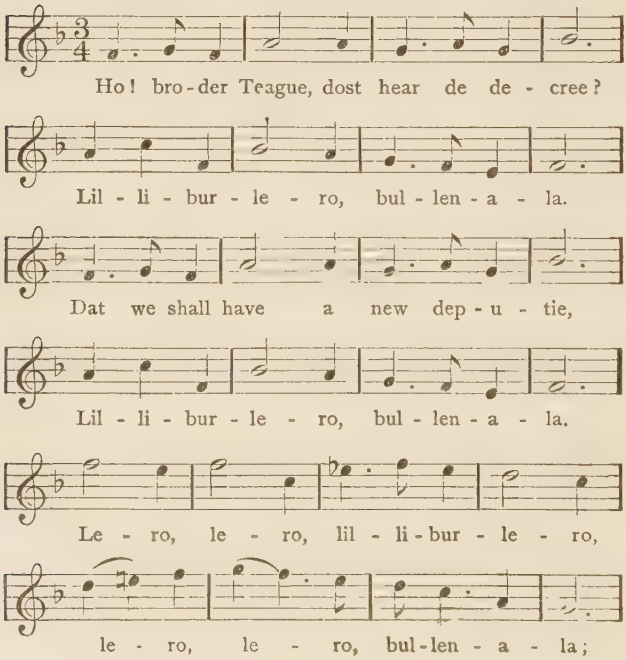
Now here 's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow,
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
  Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

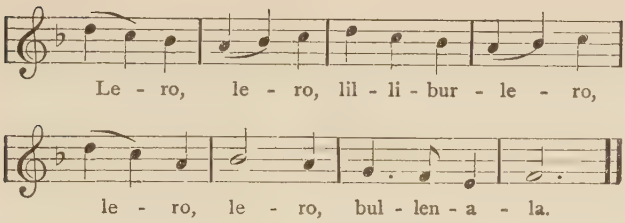
Dar 's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I 'm bound to trabble,
  Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
  Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

Lilliburlero

This song had much to do with the English revolutionary times of 1688. The words were written in ridicule of the papists, and especially of the Irish. The burden "Lero, lero, lilliburlero" probably was written about 1641. The author of the song boasted that he drove James II from the throne with "a few verses and a tune." Laurence Sterne refers to this remarkable tune in "Tristram Shandy." Dr. Charles Mackay ascribes the extraordinary refrain "Lero," to druidical origin. He interpreted it thus: "Li! li! Beur! lear-a! Buille na la!"—"Light! light on the sea beyond the promontory! 'T is the stroke of the morning." However the song had its origin, it had the most tremendous latter-day significance of any military nonsense song known. Perhaps only the Finnish Hymn *Björneborgarnes March* has stood for so much patriotic madness or belligerence.

Words by LORD WHARTON. Music by PURCELL.





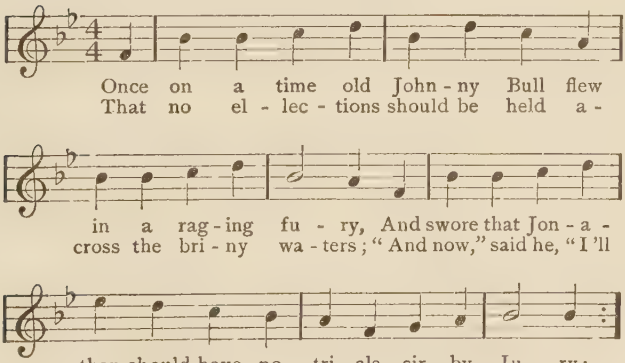
Yankee Doodle

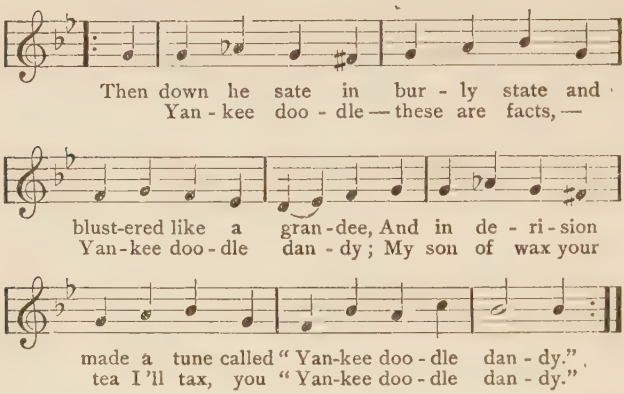
If one wants interesting reading let him look up the bibliography of this extraordinary song. Volumes of literature might be made upon the subject. The original words are preserved in the British Museum. There are fifteen verses in the original. The Hon. Stephen Salisbury said of the song (Oct. 21, 1872), "Yankee Doodle is national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims for which its friends do not care. It cannot be disowned, and it will not be disused. In its own words,

'It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting.'

The word Yankee is supposed to be a corruption of an Indian effort to say 'English' — Yenglees, Yangles, Yanklees — *Yankee*."

Words by Gen. George P. Morris.





John sent the tea from o'er the sea with heavy duties rated,
But whether hyson or bohea I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began, — he laid a strong embargo, —
"I 'll drink no tea, by Jove!" so he threw overboard the cargo.
Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land, played "Yankee doodle Dandy."
Yankee doodle, keep it up, Yankee doodle dandy,
I 'll poison with a tax your cup; you — "Yankee doodle dandy."

A long war then they had, in which John was at last defeated,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march to which his troops retreated.

'Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain
his laughter,
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T, I 'll sing it
ever after."
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with
beer and brandy.
E'en when he swore to sing no more this "Yankee
doodle Dandy."
Yankee doodle, ho, ha, he, Yankee doodle dandy;
We kept the tune but not the tea—Yankee doodle
dandy.

I 've told you now the origin of this most lively
ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as "dull and stupid"—
what a pity!
With "Hail Columbia" it is sung, in chorus full
and hearty,
On land and main we breathe the strain John made
for his tea-party.
No matter how we rhyme the words, the music
speaks them handy,
And where 's the fair can't sing the air of "Yankee
doodle Dandy"?
Yankee doodle, firm and true, Yankee doodle
dandy,
Yankee doodle, doodle, doo, Yankee doodle dandy.

Original Yankee Words

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
  Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
  And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men
  As rich as squire David,
And what they wasted every day
  I wish it could be savèd.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

The 'lasses they eat every day
  Would keep a house a winter;
They have so much, that I 'll be bound
  They eat it when they 've mind ter.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And there I see a swamping gun
  Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
  A load for father's cattle.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And every time they shoot it off
  It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
  Only a nation louder.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

I went as nigh to one myself
  As 'Siah's inderpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
  I thought the deuce was in him.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
  I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
  And hung by father's pocket.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
  He kind of clapt his hand on 't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
  Upon the little end on 't.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And there I see a pumpkin shell
  As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touched it off
  They scampered like the nation.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

I see a little barrel, too,
  The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
  And called the folks together.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And there was Cap'n Washington,
  And gentle folks about him;
They say he 's grown so 'tarnal proud
  He will not ride without 'em.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

He got him on his meeting clothes
  Upon a slapping stallion;
He sat the world along in rows,
  In hundreds and in millions.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

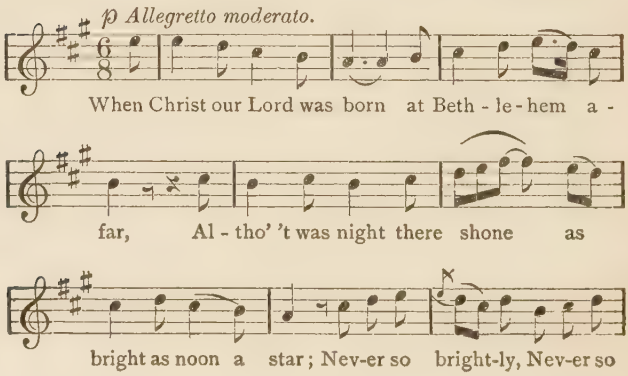
The flaming ribbons in his hat,
  They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get
  To give to my Jemima.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

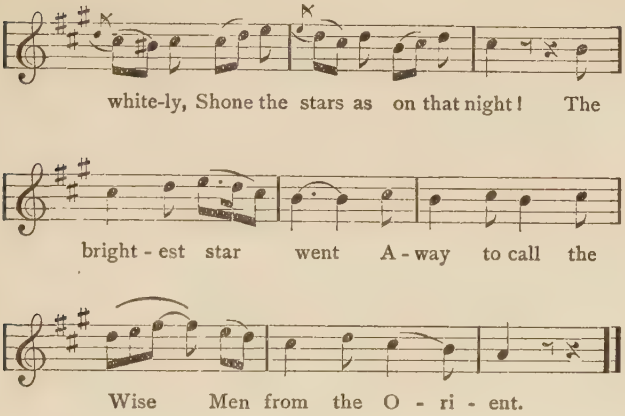
I see another snarl of men
  A digging graves they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
  They 'tended they should hold me.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
  Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
  Locked up in mother's chamber.
    Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

Song Of The Bagpipers

Translator, Dr. Theo. Baker. *Neapolitan.*





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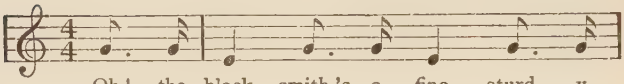
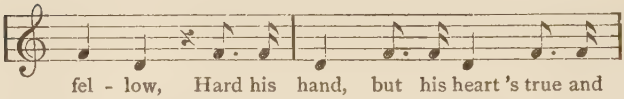
There were no foes on earth, or warfare blazing,
Beside the lion then the sheep was grazing,
    Safe by the leopard
    Wandered the shepherd,
  With the bear the calf did play;
The wolf so savage
Would not the tender lamb molest or ravage.

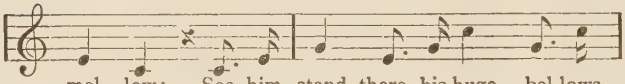
While shepherds in the fields their flocks were tending,
A shining angel came from heav'n descending;
    When he beheld them,
    Straightway he told them:
  "Hear my voice, be not afraid!
Be glad, rejoice now,
For earth has all become like Paradise now!"

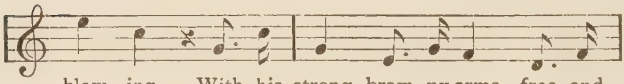
The Blacksmith

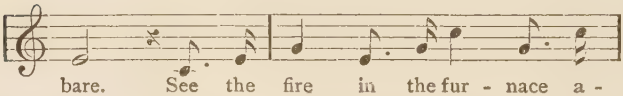
MOZART.

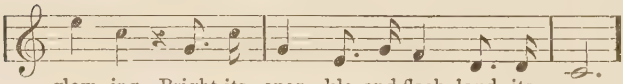




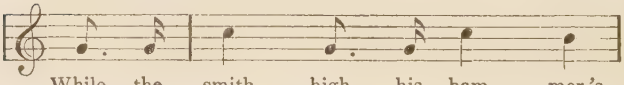


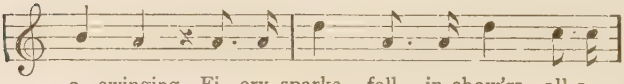


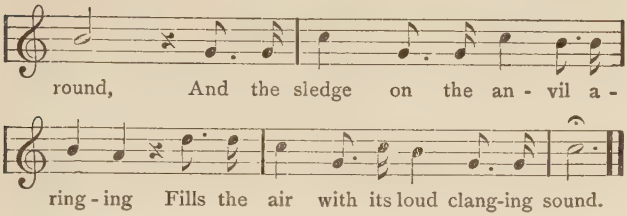




Chorus — by H. O. UPTON.





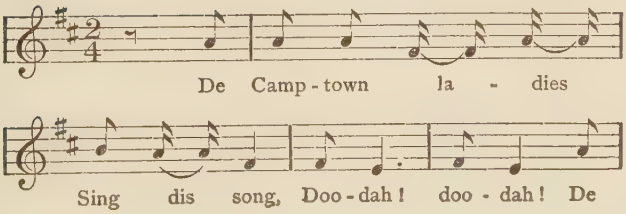


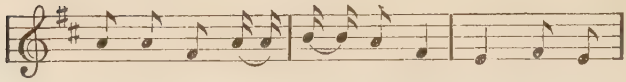
Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on,
Till the iron 's all aglow, let it roar on!
While the smith high his hammer 's a-swinging,
  Fiery sparks fall in showers all around,
And the sledge on the anvil is ringing,
  Fills the air with its loud clanging sound.
    While the smith, *etc.*

Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly falling,
Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling;
Oh, the smith, he 's a fine sturdy fellow,
  Bravely working from morning till night;
Hard his hand, but his heart 's true and mellow,
  Like his anvil, he stands for the right.
    While the smith, *etc.*

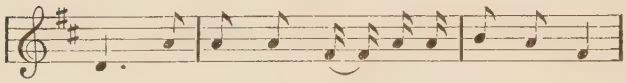
De Camptown Races

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

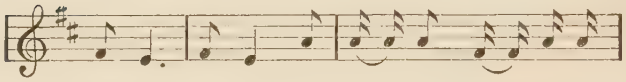




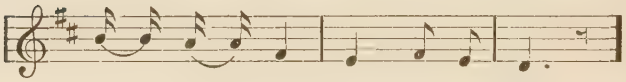
Camp-town race track five mile long, Oh! doo-dah-



day! I come down dar wid my hat caved in,

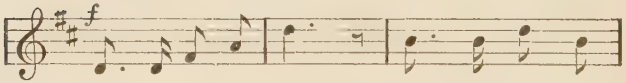


Doo-dah! doo-dah! I go back home wid a

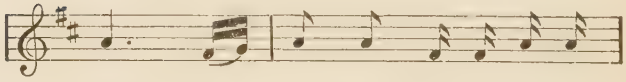


pock-et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah-day!

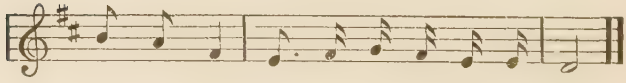
Chorus.



Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all



day! I'll bet my mon-ey on de



bob-tail nag, Some-bod-y bet on de bay.

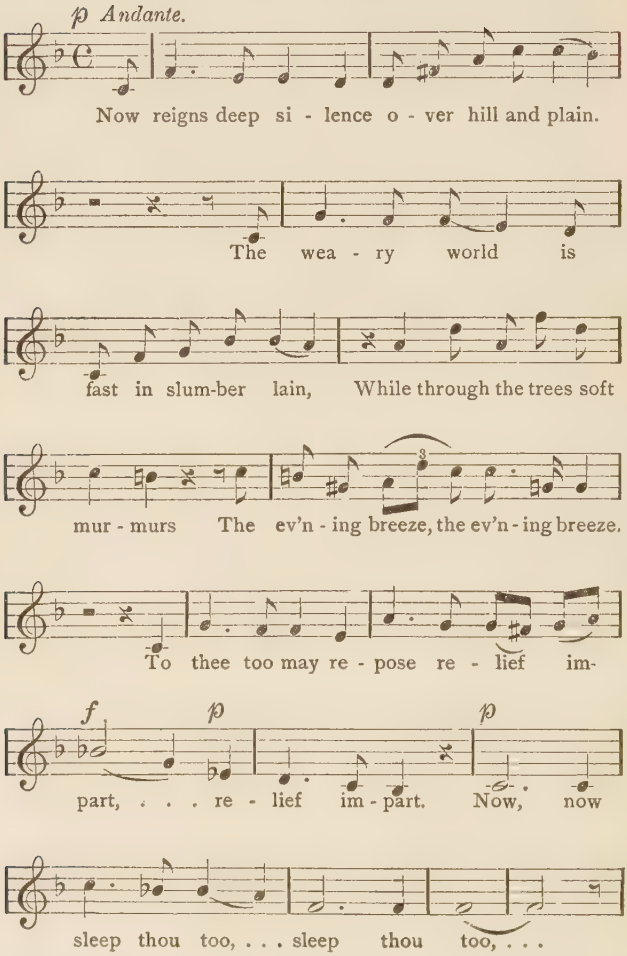
De long-tail filly, and de big black hoss —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Dey fly de track, and dey both cut cross —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud-hole —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
He can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night, *etc.*

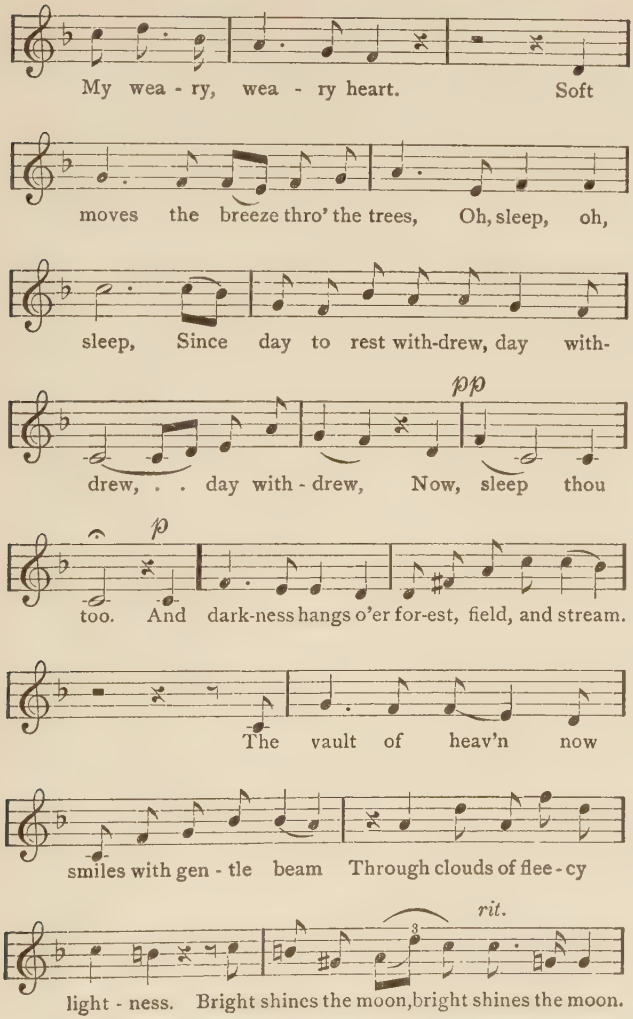
Ole muley cow come on to de track —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De bobtail fling her ober his back —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Den fly along like a railroad car —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
A runnin' a race wid a shootin' star —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night, *etc.*

See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Round de race-track, den repeat —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
I win my money on de bobtail nag —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an ole tow bag —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night, *etc.*

Evening Song

SCHUMANN.




My wea - ry, wea - ry heart. Soft
moves the breeze thro' the trees, Oh, sleep, oh,
sleep, Since day to rest with-drew, day with-
pp
drew, . . day with - drew, Now, sleep thou
p
too. And dark-ness hangs o'er for-est, field, and stream.
The vault of heav'n now
smiles with gen - tle beam Through clouds of flee - cy
rit.
light - ness. Bright shines the moon, bright shines the moon.

To thee too may re - pose re - lief im-

p *p*

part, . . . re - lief im - part. Now, now

sleep thou too, sleep thou too, . . .

My wea - ry, wea - ry heart. Let

moon - light be sweet to thee. The earth re-

clines in night, The sky sheds watch - ful

pp

light, . . . So good - night, So good-

night, . . . so good night!

Everything 's Gone

Translator, CHAPMAN. *German Folk-song* (1790).

Leggiero.

Oh, my dear old Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin,

Au - gus - tin, Oh, my dear old Au - gus - tin,

I 've been taken in! Mon - ey 's gone,

girl is gone, All is gone, All is gone! Oh, my

dear old Au - gus - tin, Ev - 'ry-thing 's gone!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

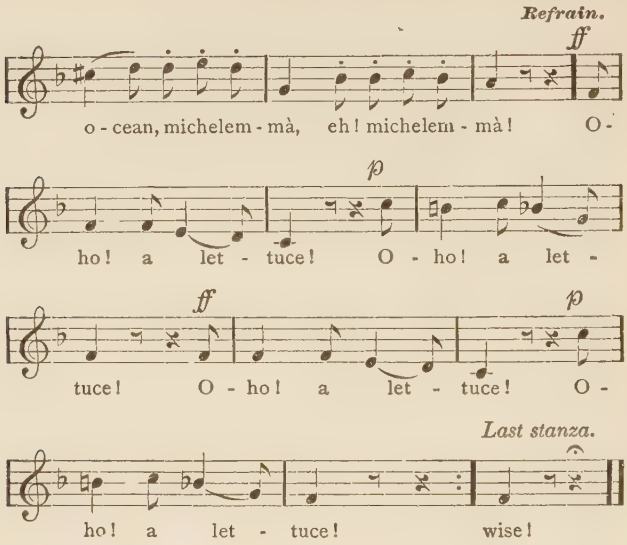
The Fishermen's Song

Dr. THEO. BAKER. *Neapolitan.*

Allegro con brio.

There grows be-neath the o - cean, Mi - che - lem -

mà, eh! mi-che-lem - mà! There grows be-neath the



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The Turks all wander thither,
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
To take a rest there,
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

Some hold it by the head, oh!
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Some hold the stalk, oh!
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

He always will be happy,
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Who wins this maiden.
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

This girl, who is the daughter
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Of yonder notary.
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

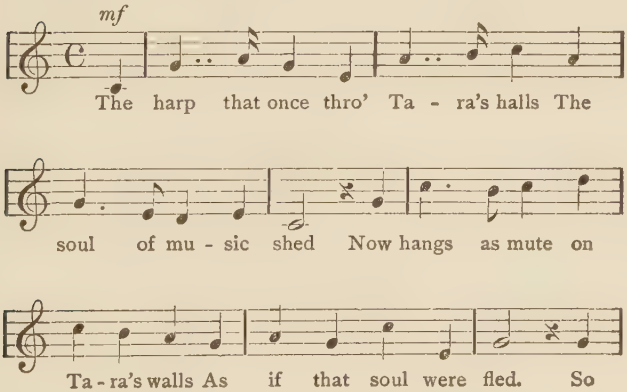
And wears Diana's star, too,
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Upon her bosom.
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

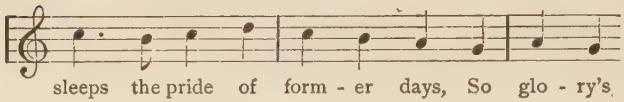
Her lovers all are dying,
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Are dying pairwise!
  Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

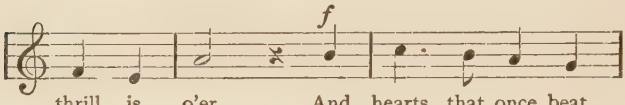
The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls

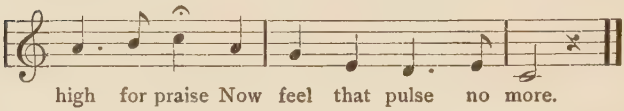
It was at the palace upon Tara's hill that the Irish kings met to make laws and to hold great annual festivals. It was of the harp within the palace that Moore sang thus plaintively.

THOMAS MOORE.





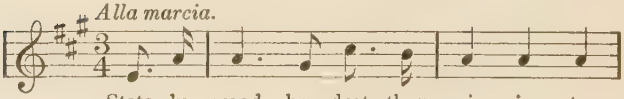


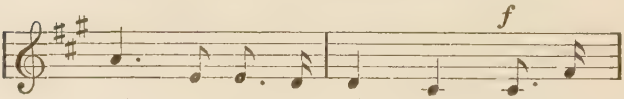


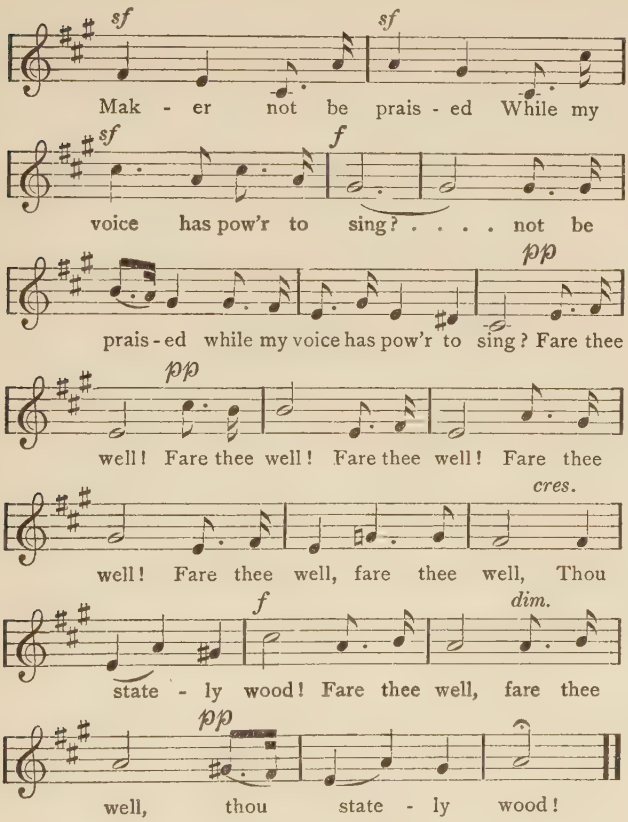
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

The Huntsman's Farewell

Words by JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF (1837).
Music by MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY (1840).







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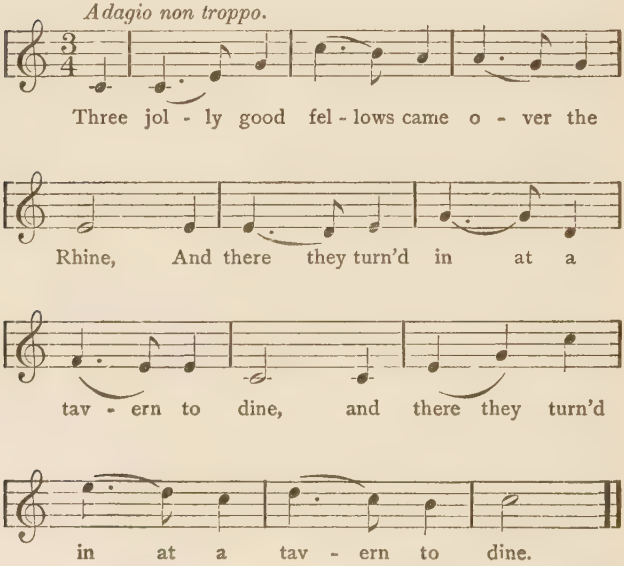
Far above the haunts of men,
Here the roe in quiet grazes
Till his horn the ||: hunter raises,
And the echoes ring again. :||
||: Fare thee well, thou stately wood! :||

What we honor here to-day,
When we leave it we shall cherish;
May the ancient ||: woods not perish
Till the last song dies away. :||
||: Fare thee well! Fare thee well! :||
God protect thee, stately wood!
Fare thee well! God protect thee, lovely
wood!

The Landlady's Daughter

Words by LUDWIG UHLAND (1809). *German Folk-tune* (1820).
Translator, CHAPMAN.

Adagio non troppo.



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"Ho! Mistress, how goes it for ale and wine?
||: And where 's that pretty wench of thine?" :||

"My wine is good, my ale is clear,
||: My daughter is lying upon her bier." :||

Then to the chamber she led them back,
||: And there she lay in her coffin black. :||

The first one he threw the shroud aside,
||: And said, as he gazed at her, sad-eyed, :||

"My beauty, and wert thou not dead and gone,
||: I swear I should love thee from this day on." :||

The second, he covered the maiden's face,
||: And turned him away and wept a space. :||

"That thou art lying upon thy bier,
||: When I have loved thee this many a year!" :||

The third again threw off her veil,
||: And kissed her lips that were dead and pale::||

"I always loved thee, I love thee still,
||: Forever and ever I always will." :||

'T s The Last Rose Of Summer

This melody adapted by Tom Moore to his own uses was an ancient Irish melody and first became famous through its introduction into the opera of *Martha* — being sung by Christine Nilsson. Berlioz said of it, "the Irish melody served to disinfect the rottenness of the *Martha* music." But then, Berlioz and Flotow were not friends. The melody probably had its origin about 1660.

Words by THOMAS MOORE. Tune, *Groves of Blarney.*

mf Andante sostenuto.

'T is the last rose of sum - mer, Left

p

bloom-ing a - lone; All her love - ly com-

cres.

pan-ions Are fa - ded and gone; No

dim. *rit.*

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is

mf *tempo*

nigh . . . . . To re - flect back her

p *rall.*

blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.

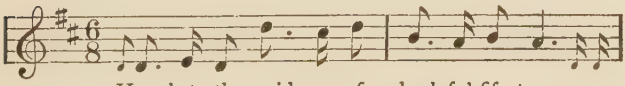
I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie senseless and dead.

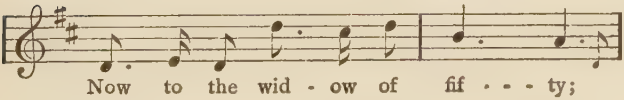
So soon may *I* follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
  The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

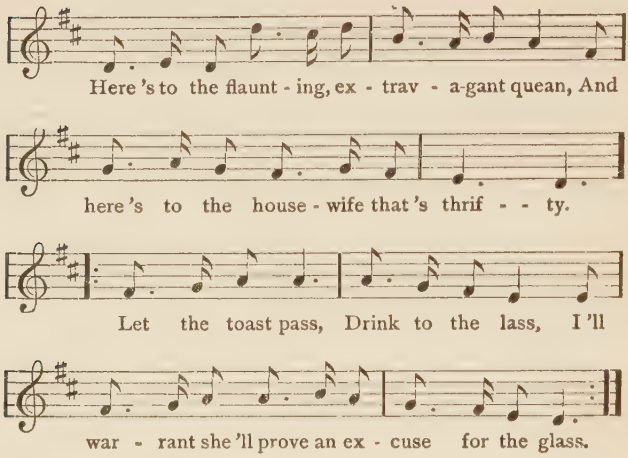
Let The Toast Pass

The words doubtless came from Sheridan, and in all probability Sheridan's father-in-law, Thomas Linley, composed the music; but it would be difficult to establish the inference as a fact.

From SHERIDAN's Comedy of *The School for Scandal.*







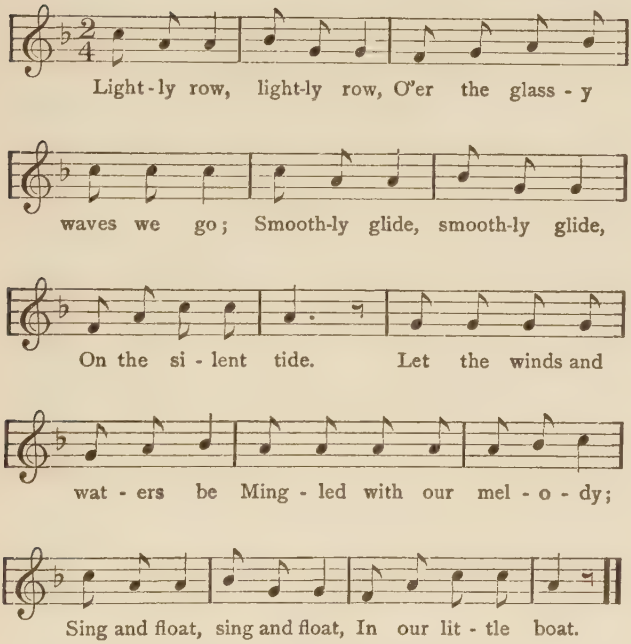
Here 's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
  Now to the damsel with none, Sir,
Here 's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
  Here 's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
    Let the toast pass, *etc.*

Here 's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
  Now to her that 's as brown as a berry,
Here 's to the wife with a face full of woe,
  And now to the damsel that 's merry.
    Let the toast pass, *etc.*

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
  Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
  And let us e'en toast 'em together.
    Let the toast pass, *etc.*

Lightly Row

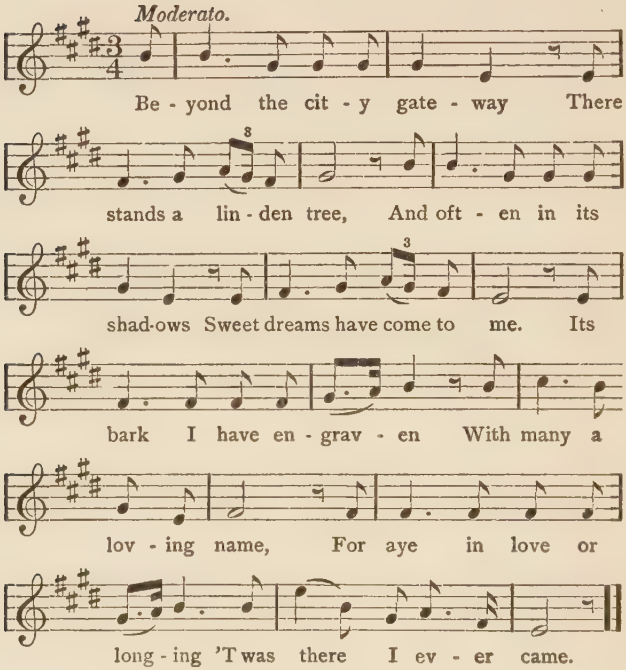
Spanish Melody.



Far away! far away!
Echo in the rock at play,
Calleth not, calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's note,
Shall our dying music float!
Lightly row! lightly row!
Echo's voice is low.

The Linden Tree

FR. SCHUBERT.



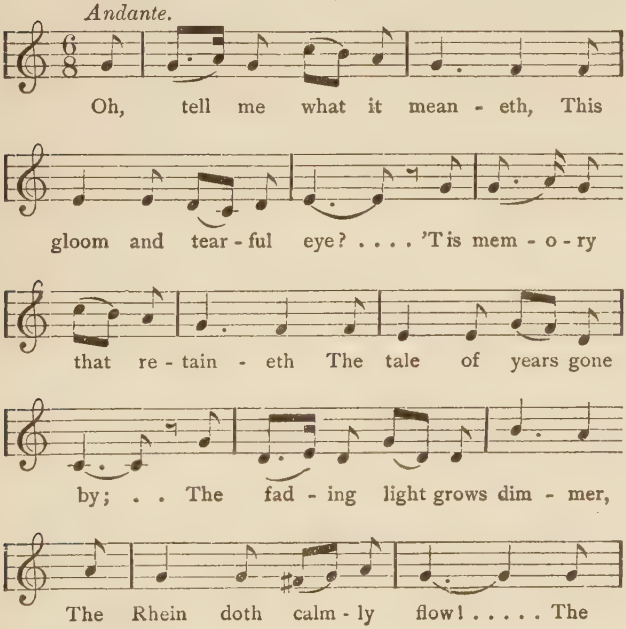
To-day I had to pass it,
  'T was very late at night,
And even in the darkness
  I shut my eyelids tight;
I heard its branches rustle
  These words to me addressed:
"Come here to me, old comrade,
  Come here and be at rest."

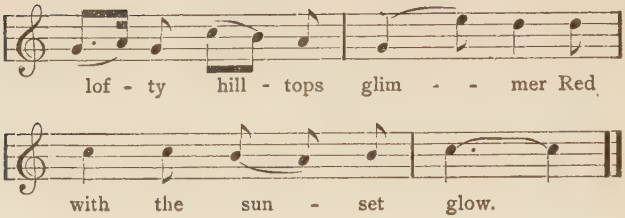
The wind was cold and bitter,
  And blowing in my face,
Away my hat went soaring,
I did n't give it chase.
Now though they are behind me
  Full many a weary mile,
I hear the branches rustle:
  "Come here and rest awhile."

The Loreley

Words by HEINE (1822). Music by SILCHER (1837).

Andante.



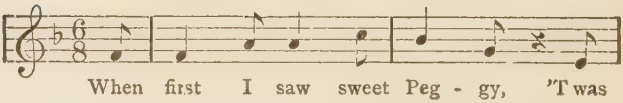


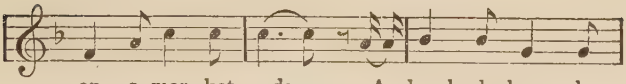
Above, the maiden sitteth,
  A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
  Her shining golden hair;
With comb of gold prepares it,
  The task with song beguiled;
A fitful burden bears it —
  That melody so wild.

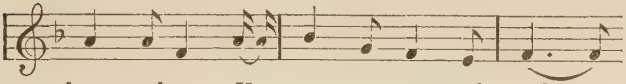
The boatman on the river
  Lists to the song, spellbound;
Oh! what shall him deliver
  From danger threat'ning round?
The waters they have caught them,
  Both boat and boatman brave,
'T is Loreley's song that brought them
  Beneath the foaming wave.

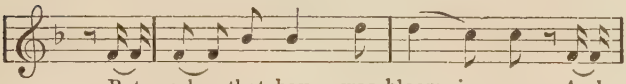
The Low-Backed Car

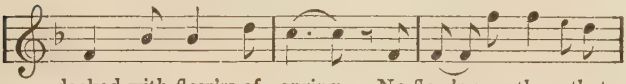
SAMUEL LOVER.

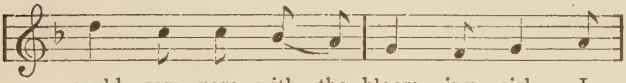


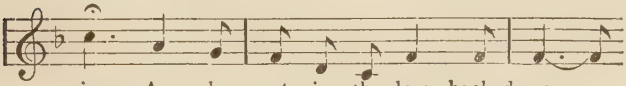

on a mar - ket day. A low-backed car she

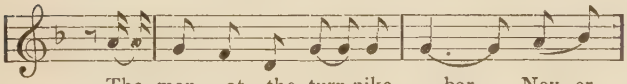

drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay.

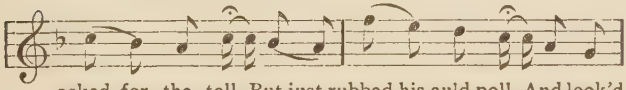

But when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And

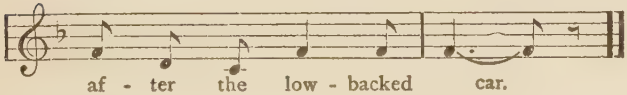

decked with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that


could com - pare with the bloom - ing girl I


sing. As she sat in the low - backed car,


The man at the turn-pike bar Nev - er


asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd


af - ter the low - backed car.

In battle's wild commotion
  The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
  Of death, in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
  Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market town,
  As right and left they fly,
While she sits in a low-backed car;—
Than battles more dangerous far—
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-backed car.

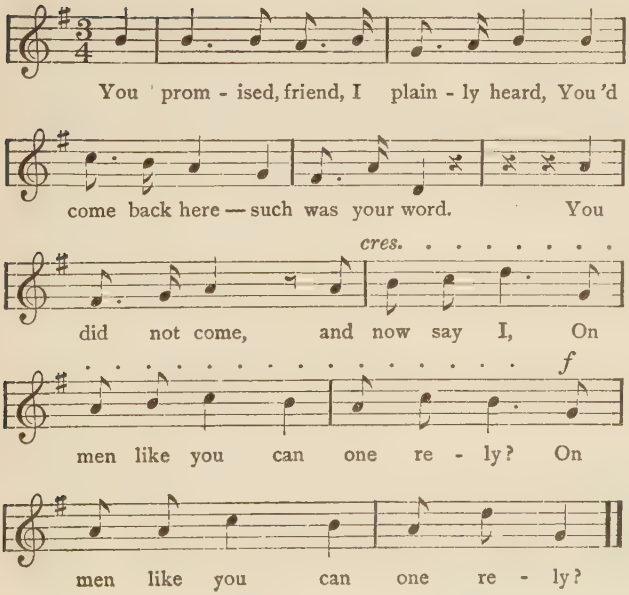
Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
  Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters, sir,
  By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
  Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
  Of the blooming god of Love.
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in the low-backed car.

I 'd rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore,
  And a lady for my bride;

For the lady would sit forninst me,
  On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
  With my arm around her waist,
As we drove in a low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar,
Oh! my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

The Man Of His Word

BEETHOVEN.



"The word 's the man," thus nobly spake
Our sires, and ne'er their trust would break;
Like any oath, a German's hand,
A German's grasp could faith command,
A German's grasp could faith command.

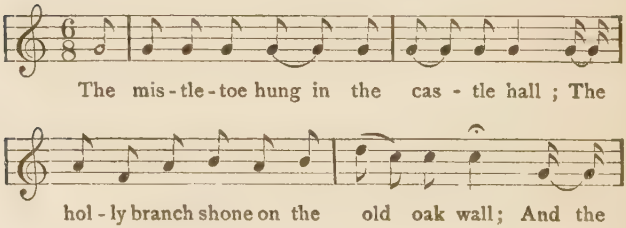
If once his word the German gave,
No bribe nor terror of the grave,
Not woman's smile, not tyrant's might,
Could move him from the path of right,
Could move him from the path of right.

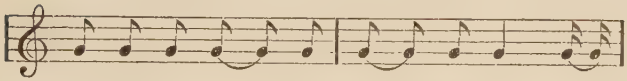
The truth that made our fathers great
Their sons should strive to imitate;
Come, take my hand, give yours to me.
True Germans we will ever be,
True Germans we will ever be.

Mistletoe Bough

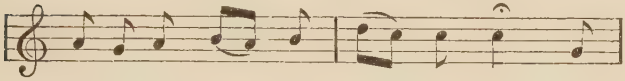
This song is doubtless founded upon fact, and while three noble families have laid claim to the legend as having its origin with them, nobody seems satisfactorily to have settled the matter. There is considerable proof offered on the part of each.

Words by HAYNES BAYLY. Music by H. R. BISHOP.

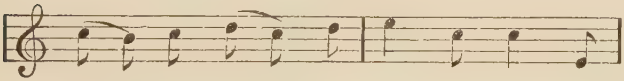




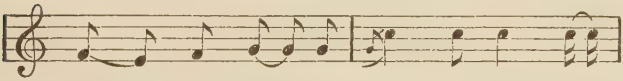
ba - ron's re - tain - ers were blithe and gay, And



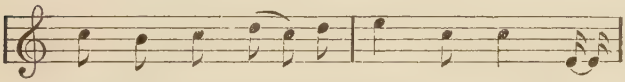
keep-ing their Christ - mas ho - ly - day. The



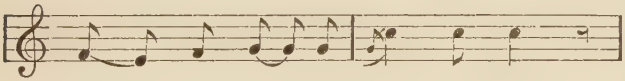
ba - ron be - held, with a fa - ther's pride, His



beau - ti - ful child, young Lov - ell's bride; While

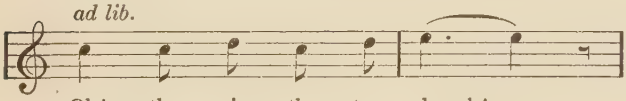


she with her bright eyes seem'd to be The

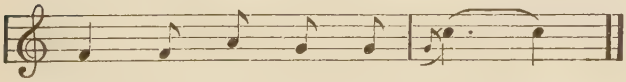


star of the good - ly com - pa - ny.

ad lib.



Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!



Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!

"I 'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here, tarry a moment, I 'll hide, I 'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I 'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day;
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe bough!

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle; they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh! sad was her fate; in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.

It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe
bough!

The Musical Master Charley

Translator, Dr. Theo. Baker. *Roman.*

p Allegro moderato.

Mas - ter Char - ley of Hol - land was

stray - ing. On the street a band was a-

play - ing. Now, he loves good mu - sic dear - ly,

mf

When the tune goes loud and clear-ly: Dzoo na, na,

na! dzoo na, na, na! Here is the

band as it pass - es, hur - rah!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

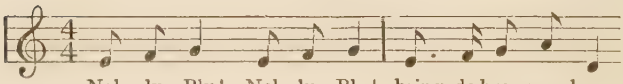
While so sweetly the harmonies twined them,
Master Charley followed behind them;
Now the People's Gate he reaches,
And he takes a reef in his breeches.
  See him look here! see him look there!
  Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful square!

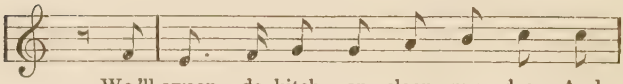
Soon the Palace of Fiani he 's sighting,
And he meets the doggies a-fighting,
And he runs in such a flutter
That he stumbles in the gutter,
  Crying for help! Oh, his fine togs!
  Into the gutter he 's thrown by the dogs!

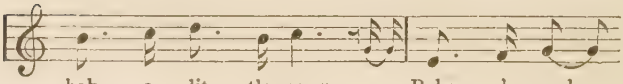
Nelly Bly

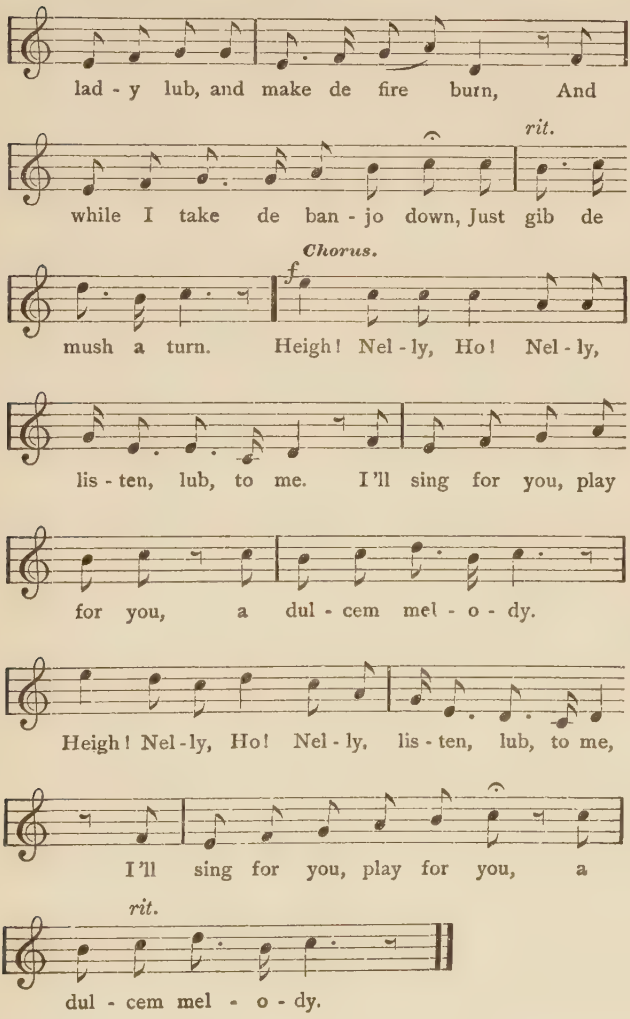
This is one of those pseudo "negro songs" which attained great popularity about 1860. It is representative of the American street song of that time.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.








lad - y lub, and make de fire burn, And
rit.
while I take de ban - jo down, Just gib de
Chorus.
f
mush a turn. Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly,
lis - ten, lub, to me. I'll sing for you, play
for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.
Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly, lis - ten, lub, to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a
rit.
dul - cem mel - o - dy.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like a turtle-dove,
I hears it in de meadow, and I hears it in de grove;
Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as a cup ob tea,
And bigger dan de sweet-potato down in Tennessee.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, *etc.*

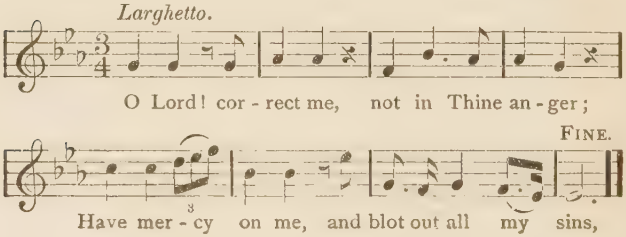
Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
When she wakens up again her eyes begin to peep;
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and den she brings it down,
And when it lights, der 's music dah, in dat part ob de town.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, *etc.*

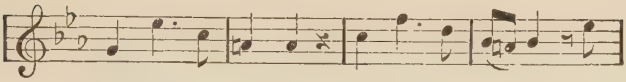
Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly! nebber, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye;
For de pie is made ob punkins, and de mush is made ob corn,
Der 's corn and punkins, *plenty*, lub, lying in de barn.
Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, *etc.*

O Lord! Correct Me

Words by J. S. Dwight. Music by Händel.

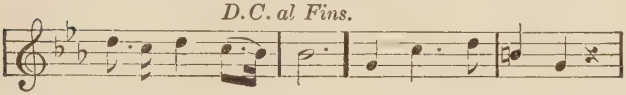
Larghetto.



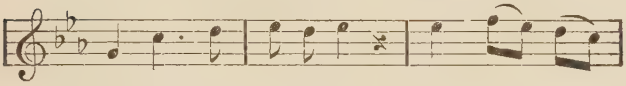


have mer - cy on me, have mer - cy on me, and

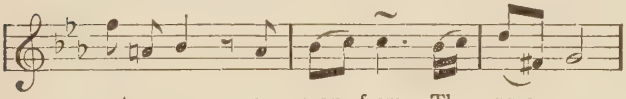
D.C. al Fins.



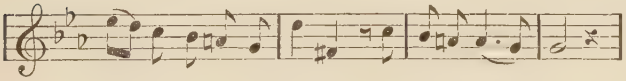
blot out all my sins. O wash me th'rough-ly



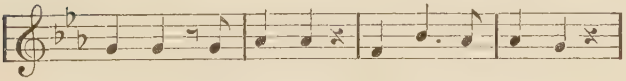
from mine in - i-qui - ty and cast me



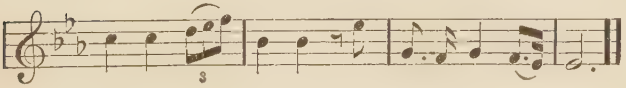
not a - way, a - way from Thy pres - ence;



Take not Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit, Thy Spi-rit from me.



O Lord! cor - rect me, not in Thine an - ger;



have mer - cy on me, and blot out all my sins.

Peace

FR. SCHUBERT.

First and second stanzas.

Andante.

Thou art sweet Peace and tran - quil rest,

I long for thee to soothe my breast;

I ded - i - cate, 'mid joys and sighs,

Thy dwell - ing in my heart and eyes,

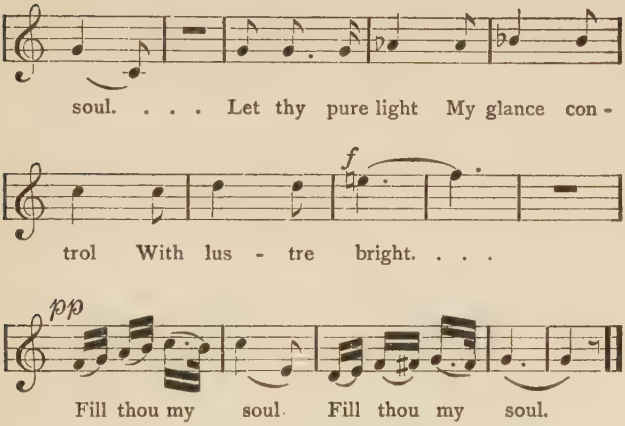
Third stanza.

my heart and eyes. Let thy pure light My

f

glance con - trol With lus - tre bright. . . .

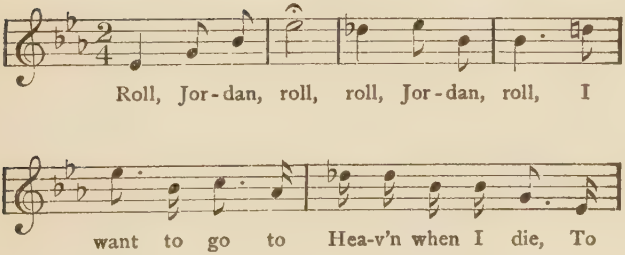
Fill thou my soul. Fill thou my

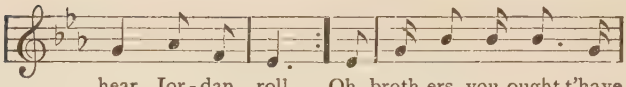


Second stanza.

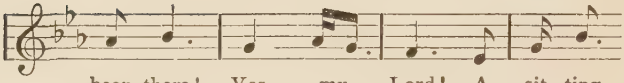
Come, then, to me, and close the door,
And never, never leave me more;
Chase ev'ry pain from out this breast,
Calming this heart to joyful rest,
To joyful rest.

Roll, Jordan, Roll

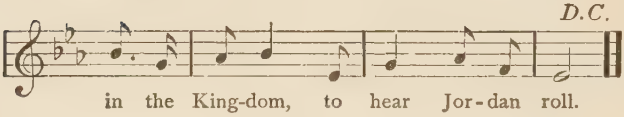




hear Jor-dan roll. Oh, broth-ers, you ought t'have
Oh, preach-ers, you ought t'have
Oh, sin-ners, you ought t'have
Oh, mourn-ers, you ought t'have
Oh, seek-ers, you ought t'have
Oh, moth-ers, you ought t'have
Oh, chil-dren, you ought t'have



been there! Yes, my Lord! A sit-ting
been there!
been there!
been there!
been there!
been there!
been there!

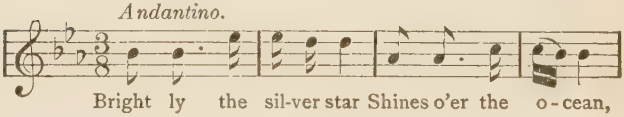


in the King-dom, to hear Jor-dan roll.

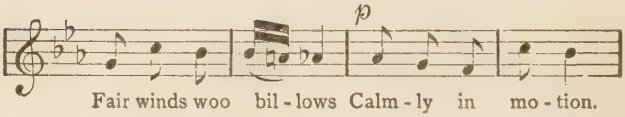
Santa Lucia

Translator, Dr. Theo. Baker. *Neapolitan.*

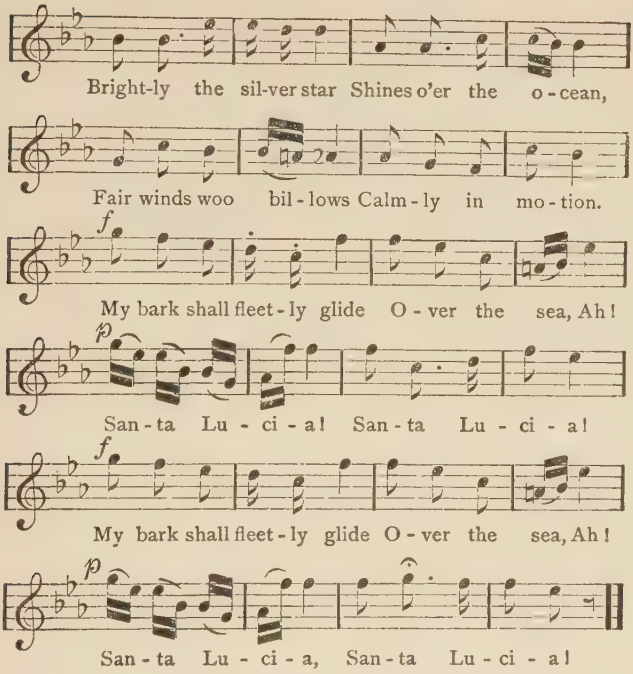
Andantino.



Bright ly the sil-ver star Shines o'er the o-cean,



Fair winds woo bil-lows Calm-ly in mo-tion.



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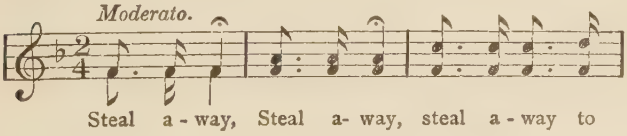
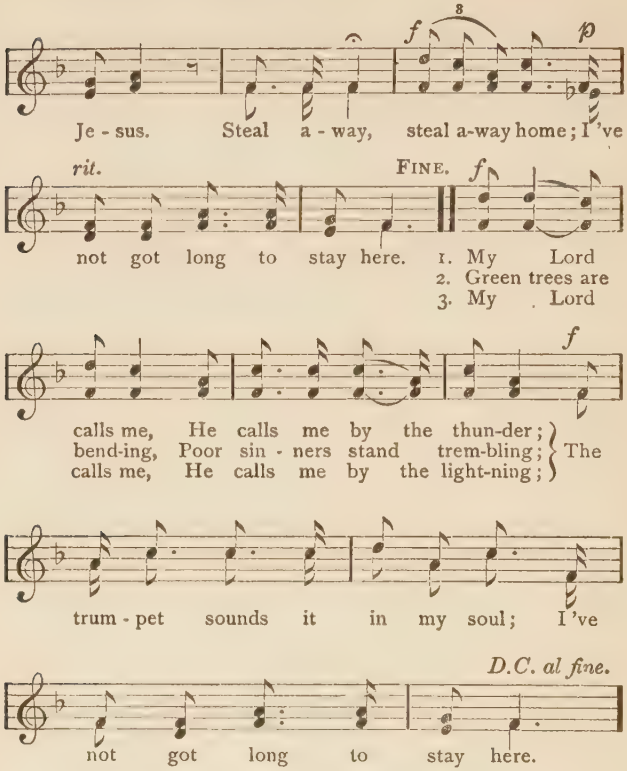
Steal Away

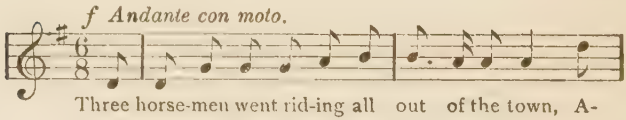
This is an old slave hymn, and both words and tune are exceptional examples of negro mind and mood. The song is worthy of analysis and study.

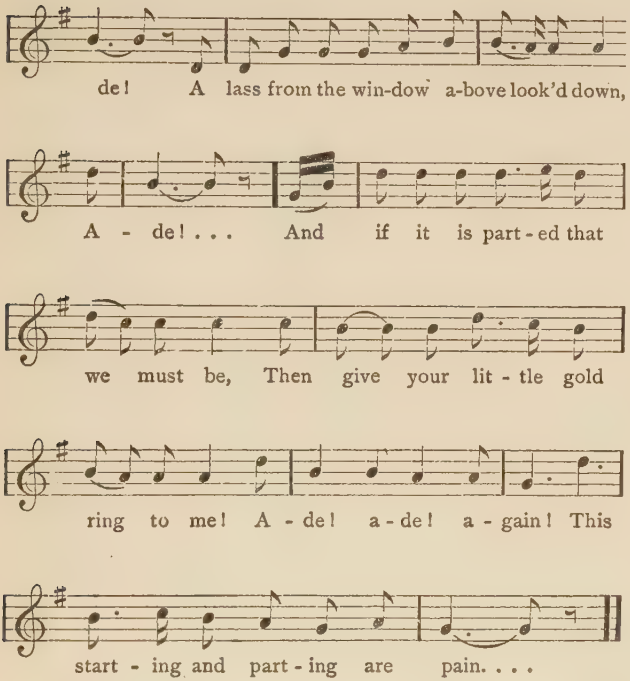




Three Horsemen

Words as early as sixteenth century. TUNE (1776).
Translator, CHAPMAN.





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The one that doth part us is Death, I trow,
Ade!
And many red lips has he parted ere now;
Ade!
He 's parted full many a man and wife
Who might have lived happily all their life.
Ade, ade, again!
This starting and parting are pain.

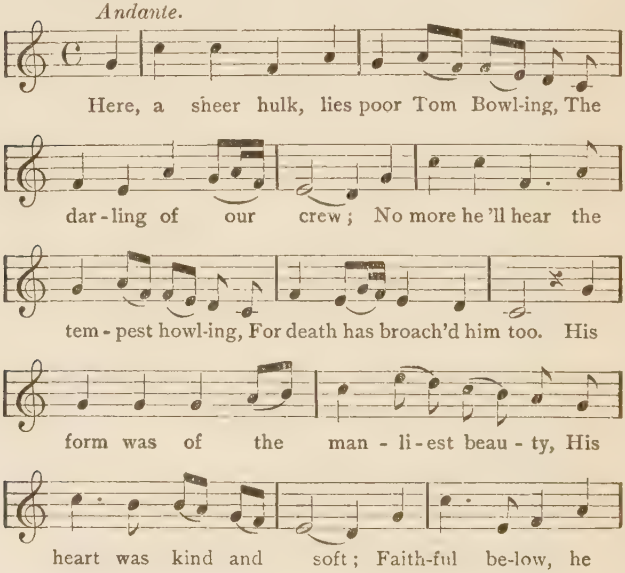
He 'll part you the child from its cradle, 't is said,
Ade!
Now, when shall I find me my nut-brown maid?
Ade!
And if not to-morrow, then be it to-day,
'T will make us both happy, and come when it may.
Ade, ade, again!
This starting and parting are pain.

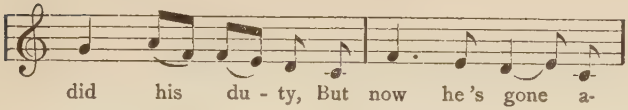
Tom Bowling

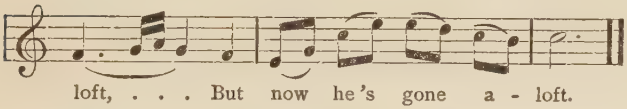
The subject of this song was Tom Dibdin, who was a sailor and the author's beloved brother.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Andante.







Tom never from his word departed,
  His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
  His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he 'd sing so blithe and jolly,
  Ah! many 's the time, and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
  For Tom has gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
  When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
  The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
  In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
For though his body 's under hatches,
  His soul has gone aloft.

The Vicar Of Bray

The hero of this song was a real Vicar of Bray, who, when reproached for his variability, answered, " Not so, neither ; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray ! " At about that time, too constant vicars were being burned at the stake, thus the hero of this song at least had the better part of valor to commend him. Words were written about 1720 by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment.

Air, *The Country Garden.*

Con spirito.

In good King Charles's gold - en days, When

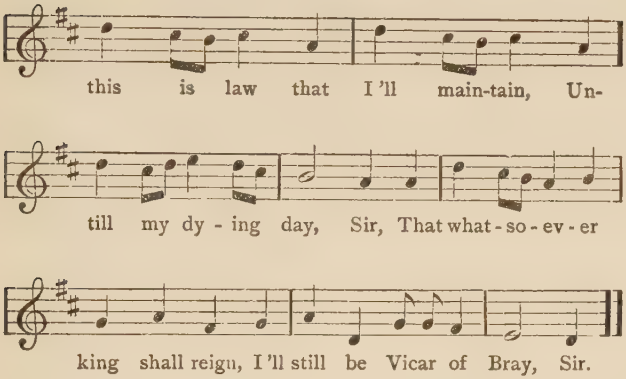
loy - al - ty no harm meant, A zeal - ous high-church-

man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment. To

teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, Kings

were by God ap - point - ed, And lost all those that

dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's a - nomt - ed. And



When royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, *etc.*

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, *etc.*

When royal Anne became our queen,
  The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
  And I became a Tory.
Occasional conformists base,
  I blam'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
  By such prevarication.
    And this is law, *etc.*

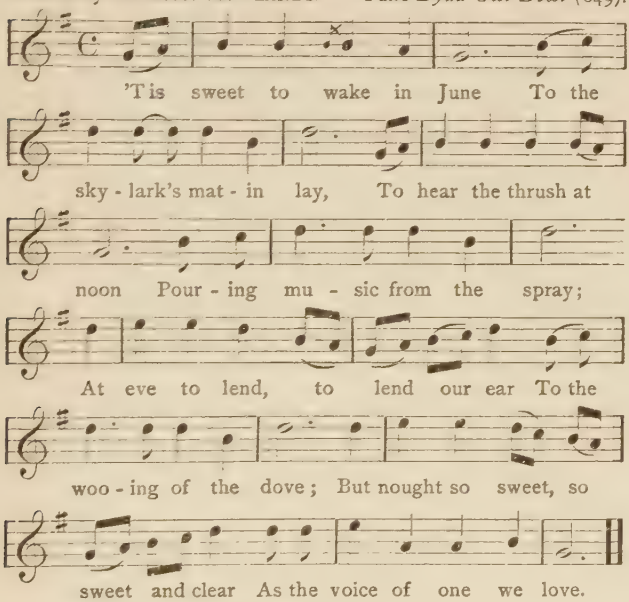
When George in pudding-time came o'er,
  And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
  And so became a Whig, Sir;
And thus preferment I procured
  From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjur'd
  The Pope and the Pretender.
    And this is law, *etc.*

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
  And Protestant succession,
To them I do allegiance swear —
  While they can hold possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
  I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be —
  Until the times do alter.
    And this is law, *etc.*

The Voice Of One We Love

Leeks and onions were not only placed in the sacred chests of Egypt, but they were honored elsewhere as vegetables of quality. This song originally celebrated the leek, and is sung at most Welsh festivals.

Words by Professor ROWLANDS. Tune *Dydd Gwl Dewi* (649).



Although, when the years are flown,
  A change of scene or lot
Each other cherished tone
  From our memory may blot,
A sound, a sound there is that yet,
  Whatever change we prove,
We never, never can forget, —
  'T is the voice of one we love.

Wait For The Wagon

mf

Will you come with me, my Phil - lis dear, to

yon blue moun-tain free, Where the blos-soms smell the

sweet - est, come, rove a - long with me. It 's

ev - 'ry Sun - day morn-ing, when I am by your

side, We 'll jump in - to the wag - on, and

Chorus.

f

all take a ride. Wait for the wag - on,

Wait for the wag - on, Wait for the

wag - on, And we 'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat.
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into my wagon, and off we will start.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Do you believe, my Phillis, dear, old Mike with all his wealth,
Can make you half so happy as I, with youth and health?
We 'll have a little farm, — a horse, a pig, a cow,
And you shall mind the dairy, while I do guide the plough.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so smooth and neat,
All braided up with dahlias and hollyhocks so sweet;
It 's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We 'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Together on life's journey we 'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble we 'll reach the happy top.
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,
We 'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.
Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Refrain Of The Washerwomen Of Vomero

Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER. *Neapolitan.*

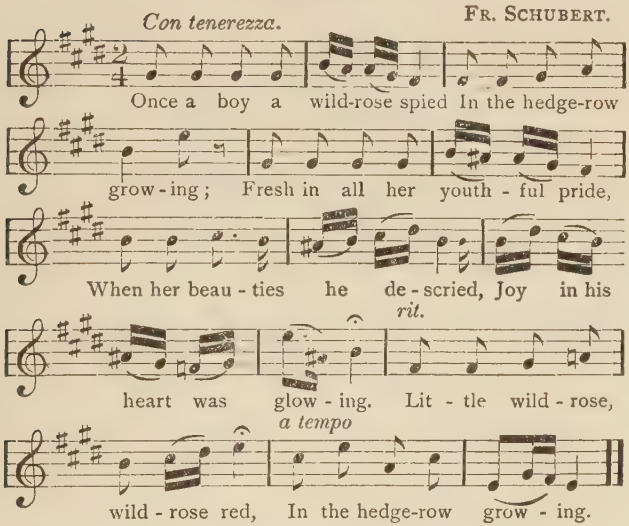
Moderato.

You prom - is'd me four ker - - - chiefs,
yes, four ker - chiefs, O yes, four ker -
chiefs, O yes, four ker - chiefs! And
I have come to see, and I have come to
see if they are read - y, if
they are read - y, if they are read-
y, if they are read - y,
if they are read - - y!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

And if there are not four, why, give me two, then;
The one is not your own that you are wearing.
And I have come to see, *etc.*

The Wild-Rose



Said the boy, "I'll gather thee,
  In the hedgerow growing!"
Said the rose, "Then I'll pierce thee,
That thou may'st remember me,
  Thus reproof bestowing."
Little wild-rose, wild-rose red,
  In the hedgerow growing.

Thoughtlessly he pulled the rose,
  In the hedgerow growing;
But her thorns their spears oppose,
Vainly he laments his woes,
  With pain his hand is glowing.
Little wild-rose, wild-rose red,
  In the hedgerow growing.

Come Unto These Yellow Sands

The Tempest. J. BANISTER (1630–1679).

Andante. *p*

Come un - to these yel - low sands, And then take hands:

mf *p*

Court-sied when you have and kiss'd (The wild waves whist).

Animato. *cres.*

Foot it feat - ly here and there; And, sweet sprites the

f *p*

bur - then bear. Hark, hark! Bow-wow. The watch-dogs

f

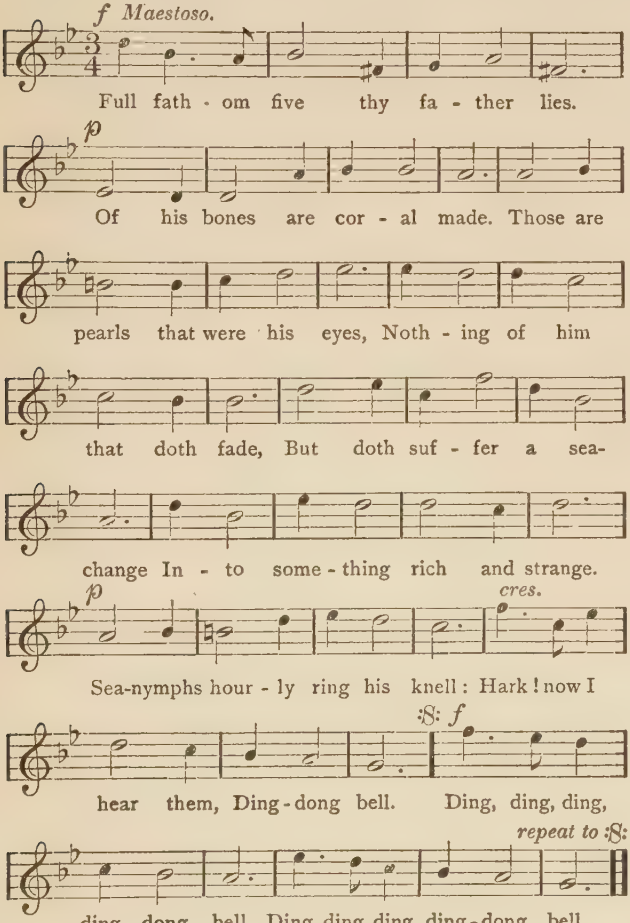
bark. Bow-wow. Hark, hark! I hear the strain of

rall.

strut-ting chan - ti - cleer Cry, Cock - a - did - dle - dow.

Full Fathom Five

The Tempest. J. BANISTER (1630-1679).



It Was A Lover And His Lass

As You Like It. THOMAS MORLEY (1600).

p *Fast.* *cres.*

It was a lov - er and his lass, With a

f

hey, and a ho, and a hey no - ni-

p

no, and a hey no - ni - no - ni - no.

cres.

That o'er the green corn-field did pass in the

f

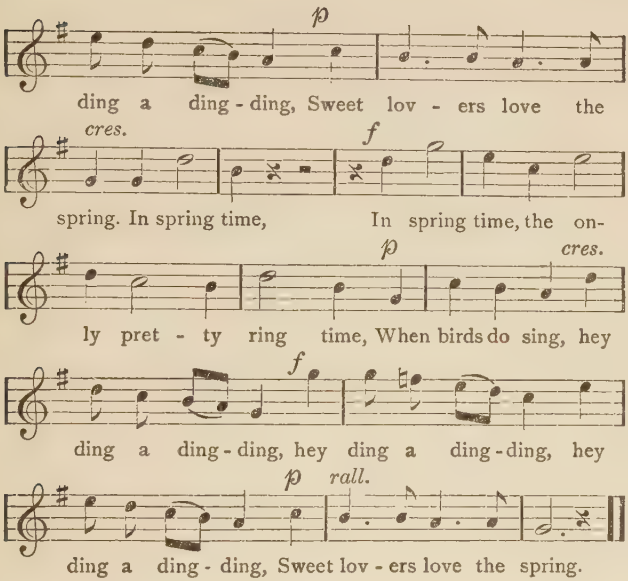
spring time, the spring time; In spring time, the

p *cres.*

on - ly pret - ty ring time. When birds do sing, hey

f

ding a ding - ding, hey ding a ding-ding, hey



Between the acres of the rye,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
  In spring time, *etc.*

This carol they began that hour,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower.
  In spring time, *etc.*

And therefore take the present time,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
  In spring time, *etc.*

O Mistress Mine

Twelfth Night.

Melody is from MORLEY'S *Consort Lessons* (1599).

Allegro moderato.

O mis-tress mine, Where are you roam-ing?

p

O mis-tress mine, where are you roam - ing?

cres.

O stay and hear; your true love 's com - ing,

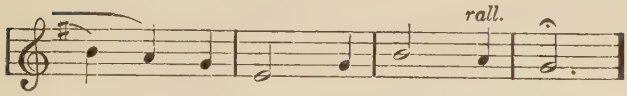
f *dim.*

That can sing both high and low. Trip

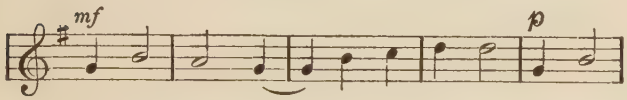
. . . . no fur - ther, pret - ty sweet - - ing;

f *p* *cres.*

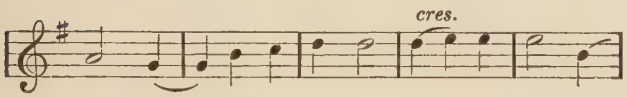
Jour - neys end in . . lov - ers meet-ing, Ev-



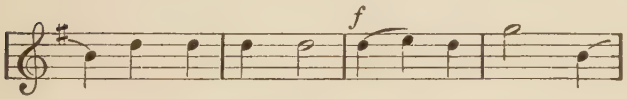
- - - - ery wise man's son doth know.



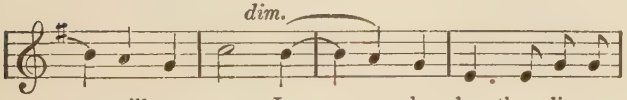
What is love? 't is not here - af - ter; What is



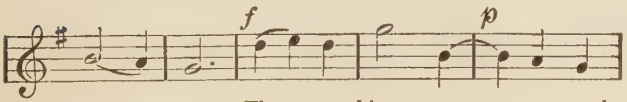
love? 't is not here - af - ter; pres - ent mirth hath



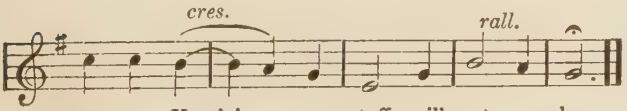
. . . pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is



. . . still un - sure. In . . . . de - lay there lies no



plen - ty; Then come kiss me, sweet and



twent - y, Youth's . . . a stuff will not en - dure.

O Willo, Willo, Willo!

A parody is appended, which was written, or at least published about 1668. It is of a date which suggests the probability that it was unknown to Shakespere.

Othello. Melody from MS. in British Museum.

p Very slow. *cres.*

The poore soule sate sigh - inge by a

pp

sick - a - moore tree, Singe wil - lo, wil - lo,

cres.

wil - lo! With his hand in his

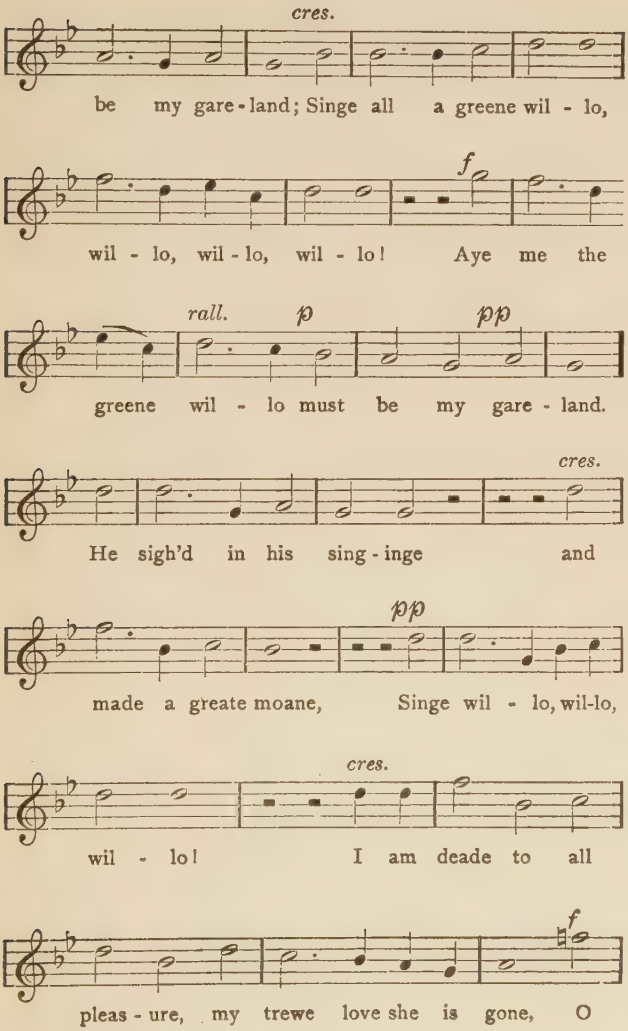
f

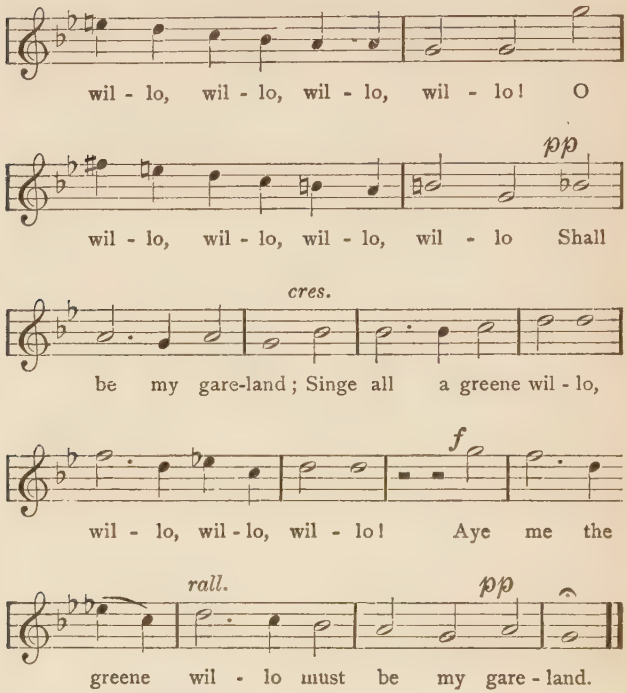
bos - om and his heade up - on his knee; O

wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo! O

pp

wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo Shall


cres.
be my gare-land; Singe all a greene wil - lo,
f
wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo! Aye me the
rall.
p
pp
greene wil - lo must be my gare - land.
cres.
He sigh'd in his sing - inge and
pp
made a greate moane, Singe wil - lo, wil-lo,
cres.
wil - lo! I am deade to all
f
pleas - ure, my trewe love she is gone, O



PARODY

"A poore foule sat sighing near a gingerbread stall,
O gingerbread O, gingerbread O!
With his hands in his pockets, his head on the wall,
O gingerbread O, gingerbread O!
You pye-wifes of Smithfield, what would you be at,
Who talks of plum-pudding, here 's better than that,
For here 's gingerbread O, gingerbread O!"

Take, O Take Those Lips Away

Measure for Measure. J. WILSON (1594–1673).

p Adagio con molto espress.

Take, O take those lips . . . . . .

mf *p*

a - way, That so sweet - ly were for - sworn;

f

And those eyes, the break of day, Lights that

p

do mis - lead the morn. But my kis - ses

rall.

bring a - gain, Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Where The Bee Sucks

The Tempest. R. JOHNSON (1612).

mf Lively.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I . . . In a cow-slip's

p *cres.*

bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry. On the

f

bat's back I do fly Af - ter Sum-mer mer-ri - ly.

:8: *p*

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live now,

Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the bough.

cres.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live now,

f *rall.* *D.S.*

Un - der the blos - som that hangs on the bough.

INDEXES

INDEX BY TITLES

		Page
All Thro' the Night	*Old Welsh Melody*	3
America	*Carey*	109
Ancient Lullaby	*Irish*	4
Annie Laurie	*Lady John Scott*	5
Annie of Tharau	*Silcher*	7
Auld Lang Syne	*William Shield*	8
Auld Robin Gray	*Tune, "The Bridegroom Grat"*	10
Austrian Hymn	*Joseph Haydn*	112
Bagpipers, Song of the	*Folk-Tune (Neapolitan)*	150
Battle Hymn of the Republic		90
Battle Prayer, The	*Himmel*	114
Battle-Song	*Silcher*	125
Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms	*Thomas Moore*	12
Ben Bolt	*Nelson Kneass (Adapter)*	14
Blacksmith, The	*Mozart*	152
Blondel's Song		16
Bonnie Blue Flag, The	*Macarthy*	126
Bonnie Doon	*James Millar*	18
Broken Ring, The	*Gluck*	20
By Moonlight	*Lully*	21
Campbells Are Comin', The		92
Camptown Races, De	*Stephen C. Foster*	153
Charming Gabrielle	*"Henri IV"*	23
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	*Timothy Dwight*	130
Come Unto These Yellow Sands	*J. Banister*	200
Comin' Thro' the Rye		24
Cradle Song	*Fr. Schubert*	25
Cradle Song	*Carl Marie von Weber*	26
Crystal Maiden, The	*Folk-Song (Swedish)*	27
Departure	*Folk-Tune (German)*	28
Departure for Syria	*Queen Hortense*	30
Despised Lover, The	*Folk-Song (German)*	31
Dixie	*Daniel Emmet*	141
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes		33

		Page
Evening Song	*Schumann*	156
Everything 's Gone	*Folk-Song (German)*	159
Farewell	*Folk-Song (German)*	34
Finnish Hymn	*Arranged by the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney*	116
Fir Tree, The		97
Fishermen's Song, The	*Folk-Song (Neapolitan)*	159
Full Fathom Five	*J. Banister*	201
German's Fatherland, The	*Gustav Reichardt*	117
Girl I Left Behind Me, The		35
God Save the King	*Henry Carey*	111
Gone From Me Evermore	*Air, "Henri III"*	37
Hail, Columbia	*Fyles*	132
Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls, The	*Thomas Moore*	161
Heartache	*Folk-Song (Suabian)*	39
Home, Sweet Home	*Sir Henry Bishop*	40
Huntsman's Farewell, The	*Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*	162
Italian Air	*Preserved by the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney*	41
It Is Ordained By God's Decree	*Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*	42
It Was A Lover And His Lass	*Thomas Morley*	202
Kathleen Mavourneen	*F. Nicholas Crouch*	44
King of Thule	*Zelter*	47
King of Thule	*Gounod*	46
La Marseillaise	*Claude Joseph Rouget De Lisle*	120
Landlady's Daughter, The	*Folk-Tune (German)*	164
Last Night	*Halfdan Kjerulf*	48
Last Rose of Summer, 'T is the	*Tune, "Groves of Blarney"*	166
Let the Toast Pass		167
Lightly Row	*Spanish Melody*	169
Lilliburlero	*Purcell*	144
Linden Tree, The	*Fr. Schubert*	170
Loch Lomond	*Jacobite Air*	50
Loreley, The	*Silcher*	171
Love's Distress	*Folk-Song (Suabian)*	51
Low-Backed Car, The	*Samuel Lover*	172
Lowland Home, The	*Suabian Air*	53
Lullaby	*Folk-Song (Roman)*	55
Lullaby	*Rev. Hobart B. Whitney*	54
Maiden's Lament, The	*Philippe J. Düringer*	56
Man of His Word, The	*Beethoven*	175
Marlbrouk		58
Maryland! My Maryland!	*Air "The Fir Tree"*	94
Mistletoe Bough, The	*Sir Henry Bishop*	176
Morva Rhuddlan	*Welsh Air*	98

		Page
Musical Master Charley, The	*Folk-Song (Roman)*	179
My Old Kentucky Home	*Stephen C. Foster*	60
Nelly Bly	*Stephen C. Foster*	180
Nipper's Lullaby, The	*Bond Andrews*	62
Oft in the Stilly Night	*Thomas Moore*	64
Old Dog Tray	*Stephen C. Foster*	66
O Lord! Correct Me	*Händel*	182
O Mistress Mine	*Morley*	204
Oh Slumber, My Darling	*Whittaker*	67
O Willo, Willo, Willo		206
Peace	*Fr. Schubert*	184
Red Sarafan, The	*Folk-Song (Russian)*	68
Robin Adair	*Tune, "Eileen Aroon"*	70
Rock Me to Sleep		71
Roll, Jordan, Roll		185
Rule Britannia	*Dr. Arne*	100
Russian Hymn	*A. T. Lvoff*	122
Russian Melody, A		74
Sandman, The	*Lullaby (Lower Rhine)*	76
Santa Lucia	*Neapolitan Air*	186
Scots Wha Hae	*Tune, "Now the Day Dawis"*	135
Sing, Smile, Slumber	*Gounod*	77
Star-Spangled Banner, The	*John Stafford Smith*	136
Steal Away	*Old Slave Hymn*	187
Striped Apron They Shall Make, A	*(Roman)*	79
Swedish Hymn	*Lindblad*	123
Sword of Bunker Hill, The	*Bernard Covert*	102
Take, O Take Those Lips Away	*J. Wilson*	209
Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North	*National Song (Swedish)*	124
Thou Art Gone From My Gaze	*Thomas Linley*	80
Thou, Thou Fillest My Heart, Dear	*Folk-Song (German)*	81
Three Horsemen	*Folk-Song (German)*	188
To Be Near the Fair Idol	*Salvator Rosa*	83
Tom Bowling	*Charles Dibdin*	190
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	*George F. Root*	104
Trippole, Trappole	*Spanish Air*	84
True Love	*Folk-Song (German)*	86
True Love	*Modern Folk-Song (Thuringian Forest)*	85
Two Royal Children	*Folk-Song (German)*	88
Vicar of Bray, The	*Air, "The Country Garden"*	192
Voice of One We Love, The	*Tune, "Dydd Gwl Dewi"*	195
Wacht Am Rhein, Die	*Carl Wilhelm*	106
Wait For the Wagon		196

		Page
Washerwomen of Vomero, Refrain of the	*Folk-Song (Neapolitan)*	198
Wearin' o' the Green	*Dion Boucicault*	138
We 're Tenting To-night	*Walter Kittredge*	108
Where the Bee Sucks	*R. Johnson*	210
Wild Rose, The	*Fr. Schubert*	199
Yankee Doodle		145

INDEX OF COMPOSERS

		Page
Andrews	The Nipper's Lullaby	62
Arne	Rule, Britannia	100
Banister	Come Unto These Yellow Sands	200
	Full Fathom Five	201
Beethoven	The Man of His Word	175
Berg (adapter)	Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North	124
Bishop	Home, Sweet Home	40
	The Mistletoe Bough	176
Boucicault	The Wearin' o' the Green	138
Carey	God Save the King	111
Covert	The Sword of Bunker Hill	102
Crouch	Kathleen Mavourneen	44
Dibden	Tom Bowling	190
Düringer	The Maiden's Lament	56
Dwight	Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	130
Emmet	Dixie	141
Fyles	Hail, Columbia	132
Foster	Camptown Races	152
	My Old Kentucky Home	60
	Nelly Bly	180
	Old Dog Tray	66
Glück	The Broken Ring	20
Gounod	King of Thule	46
	Sing, Smile, Slumber	77
Händel	O Lord! Correct Me	182
Haydn	Austrian Hymn	112
Himmel	The Battle Prayer	114
Johnson	Where the Bee Sucks	210
King Henri IV.	Charming Gabrielle	23
Kittredge	We're Tenting To-Night	108
Kjerulf	Last Night	48
Kneass (adapter)	Ben Bolt	14
Lindblad	Swedish Hymn	123

		Page
Linley	Thou Art Gone From My Gaze	80
Lisle (de)	La Marseillaise	120
Lover	The Low-Backed Car	172
Lully	By Moonlight	21
Lvoff	Russian Hymn	122
Macarthy	The Bonnie Blue Flag	126
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy	It is Ordained by God's Decree	42
	The Huntsman's Farewell	162
Millar	Bonnie Doon	18
Moore	Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms	12
	Oft in the Stilly Night	64
	The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls	161
	The Last Rose of Summer	166
Morley	It Was a Lover and His Lass	202
	O Mistress Mine	204
Mozart	The Blacksmith	152
Purcell	Lilliburlero	144
Queen Hortense	Departure for Syria	30
Reichardt	The German's Fatherland	117
Root	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	104
Rosa	To Be Near the Fair Idol	83
Schubert	Cradle Song	25
	Peace	184
	The Linden Tree	170
	The Wild Rose	199
Schumann	Evening Song	156
Scott	Annie Laurie	5
Shield	Auld Lang Syne	8
Silcher	Annie of Tharau	7
	Battle Song	125
	The Loreley	171
Smith	The Star-Spangled Banner	136
Weber (von)	Cradle Song	26
Whitney	Lullaby	54
Whittaker	O Slumber, My Darling	67
Wilhelm	Die Wacht Am Rhein	106
Wilson	Take, O Take Those Lips Away	209
Zelter	King of Thule	47

INDEX OF AUTHORS

		Page
Ahrem (translator)	Gone From Me Evermore	37
Akers-Allen	Rock Me to Sleep	71
Arndt	The German's Fatherland	117
Baker (translator)	Lullaby	55
	Refrain of the Washer-women of Vomero	198
	Santa Lucia	186
	Song of the Bagpipers	150
	Striped Apron They Shall Make, A	79
	The Fishermen's Song	159
	The Musical Master Charley	179
	Trippole, Trappole	84
Barker	To Be Near the Fair Idol	83
Bayly	The Mistletoe Bough	176
Boulton	All Thro' the Night	3
Burns	Auld Lang Syne	8
	Bonnie Doon	18
	Scots Wha Hae	135
Chapman (translator)	Annie of Tharau	7
	Departure	28
	Everything's Gone	159
	Farewell	34
	Heartache	39
	Love's Distress	51
	The Despised Lover	31
	The Landlady's Daughter	164
	The Maiden's Lament	56
	The Sandman	76
	Thou, Thou Fillest My Heart, Dear	81
	Three Horsemen	188
	True Love	85
	True Love	86
	Two Royal Children	88
Crawford	Kathleen Mavourneen	44
Dach	Annie of Tharau	7

		Page
Dibdin	Tom Bowling	190
Douglas	Annie Laurie	5
Dwight	Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	130
Dwight (J. S.)	O Lord! Correct Me	182
Eichendorff	The Huntsman's Farewell	162
	The Broken Ring	20
Emmet	Dixie	141
English	Ben Bolt	14
Feuchtersleben	It Is Ordained by God's Decree	42
Foster	Camptown Races	153
	My Old Kentucky Home	60
	Nelly Bly	180
	Old Dog Tray	66
Französisch	By Moonlight	21
Geirionnydd	Morva Rhuddlan	98
Haschka	Austrian Hymn	112
Heine	The Loreley	171
Hiemer	Cradle Song	26
Hopkinson	Hail, Columbia	132
Howe	Battle Hymn of the Republic	90
Hugo	Sing, Smile, Slumber	77
Jonson	Drink to me Only With Thine Eyes	33
Keppel	Robin Adair	70
Ketchum	The Bonnie Blue Flag	126
Key	The Star-Spangled Banner	136
King Henri IV	Charming Gabrielle	23
Kittredge	We're Tenting To-Night	108
Lindblad	Swedish Hymn	123
Lindsay	Auld Robin Gray	10
Linley	Thou Art Gone From My Gaze	80
Lisle (de)	La Marseillaise	120
Lover	The Low-Backed Car	172
Lvoff	Russian Hymn	122
Maurie	The Battle Prayer	114
Moore	Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms	12
	Oft in the Stilly Night	64
	The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls	161
	The Last Rose of Summer	48
Payne	Home, Sweet Home	40
Queen Hortense	Departure For Syria	30
Randall	Maryland, My Maryland	94

		Page
Root	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	104
Rowlands (translator)	The Voice of One we Love	195
Schackburg	Yankee Doodle	145
Shakespeare	Come Unto These Yellow Sands	200
	Full Fathom Five	201
	It Was a Lover and His Lass	202
	O Mistress Mine	204
	O Willo, Willo, Willo	206
	Take, O Take Those Lips Away	209
	Where the Bee Sucks	210
Sheridan	Let the Toast Pass	167
Schnekenburger	Die Wacht Am Rhein	106
Silcher	Battle Song	125
Smith	America	109
Swanston (translator)	The Crystal Maiden	27
	Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North	124
Spurr	The Nipper's Lullaby	62
Thompson	Rule Britannia	100
Uhland	The Landlady's Daughter	164
Wallace	The Sword of Bunker Hill	102
Wharton	Lilliburlero	144
Winther	Last Night	48